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The Cozy Lion

As told by Queen Crosspatch

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Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," "Editha's Burglar," etc., etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON CADY

PART II

"It—it sounds like the Sunday School pic—" the Lion began to say—and then he remembered he must not mention the subject and stopped short.

"Has your heart changed?" I said to him. "Are you sure it has?"

"I think it has," he said meekly. "but even if it had n't, ma'am, I'm so full of Breakfast Food I could n't eat a strawberry."

It happened that I had my heart glass with me—I can examine hearts with it and see if they have properly changed or not.

"Roll over on your back," I said. "I'll examine your heart now."

And the little children on the Huge Green Hill side were coming nearer and nearer and laughing and singing and twittering more like skylarks than ever.

He rolled over on his back and I jumped off his ear on to his big chest. I thumped and listened and looked about until I could see his great heart and watch it beating—thub—thub—thub—thub. It actually had changed—almost all over except one little corner and as the children's voices came nearer and nearer and sounded like whole nests full of skylarks let loose, even the corner was changing as fast as it could. Instead of a big ugly dark red fiery heart it was a soft ivory white one with delicate pink spots on it.

"It has changed!" I cried out. "You are

going to be a great, big, nice, soft, cozy thing, and you could n't eat a picnic if you tried—and you will never try."

He was all in a flutter with relief when he got up and stood on his feet.

And the laughing little voices came nearer and nearer and I flew to the Cave door to see what *was* happening.

It was really a picnic. And Goodness! how dangerous it would have been if it had not been for me! That's the way I am always saving people, you notice.

The little children in the village had grown so tired of being shut up indoors that about fifty of them who were too little to know any better had climbed out of windows, and slipped out of doors, and crawled under things, and hopped over them, and had all run away together to gather flowers and wild peachstrawberines, and lovely big yellow plumricots which grew thick on the bushes and in the grass on the Huge Green Hill. The delicious, sweet pink and purple Ice-cream-grape-juice Melons hung in clusters on trees too high for them to reach, but they thought they would just sit down under their branches and look at them and sniff and hope one would fall.

And there they came—little plump girls and boys in white frocks and with curly heads—not the least bit afraid of anything: tumbling down and laughing and picking themselves up and

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The Cozy Lion

laughing, and when they got near the Cave, one of my Working Fairies, just for fun, flew down and alighted on a little girl's fat hand.



"IT SOUNDS LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL PIC —
THE LION BEGAN TO SAY."

She jumped for joy when she saw him and called to the others and they came running and tumbling to see what she had found.

"Oh! look—look!" she called out. "What is he! What is he! He is n't a bird—and he is n't a bee and he is n't a butterfly. He's a little teeny, weeny-weeny-weeny-weeny wee, and he has little green shoes on and little green stockings, and a little green smock and a little green hat and he's laughing and laughing."

And then a boy saw another in the grass—and another under a leaf, and he shouted out, too.

"Oh! here's another—and here's another!" And then the Workers all began to creep out of the grass and from under the leaves and fly up in swarms and light on the children's arms and hands and hats and play with them and tickle them and laugh until every child was dancing with fun, because they had never seen such things before in their lives.

I flew back to the Lion. He was quite nervous.

"It is a picnic," I said. "And now is your chance. Can you purr?"

"Yes, I can." And he began to make a beautiful purring which sounded like an immense velvet cat over a saucer of cream.

"Come out then," I ordered him. "Smile as sweetly as you can and don't stop purring. Try to look like a wriggling coaxing dog—I will go first and prevent the children from being frightened."

So out we went. I was riding on his ear and peeping out over the top of it. I did not let the children see me because I wanted them to look at the Lion and at nothing else.

What I did was to make them remember in a minute all the nicest Lions they had ever seen in pictures or in the circus. Many of them had never seen a Lion at all and the few who had been to a circus had only seen them in big cages behind iron bars, and with notices written up, "Don't go near the Lions!"

When my Lion came out he was smiling the biggest, sleepest, curliest, sweetest smile you ever beheld and he was purring, and he was softly waving his tail. He stood still on the grass a moment and then lay down with his big head



"THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE VILLAGE HAD
GROWN TIRED OF BEING SHUT UP INDOORS."

on his paws just like a huge, affectionate, coaxing dog waiting and begging somebody to come and pet him. And after staring at him for two minutes, all the children began to laugh, and

then one little *little* girl who had a great mastiff for a friend at home, suddenly gave a tiny shout and ran to him and tumbled over his paws and fell against his mane and hid her face in it, chuckling and chuckling.

That was the beginning of the most splendid fun a picnic ever had. Every one of them ran laughing and shouting to the Lion. It was such a treat to them to actually have a lion to play with. They patted him, they buried their hands and faces in his big mane, they stroked him, they scrambled up on his back, and sat astride there, little boys called out "Hello, Lion! Hello, Lion!" and little girls kissed his nice tawny back and said "Liony! Liony! Sweet old Liony!" The Little Little Girl who had run to him first settled down right between his huge front paws, resting her back comfortably against his chest, and sucked her thumb, her blue eyes looking very round and big. She *was* comfy.

I kept whispering down his ear to tell him what to do. You see, he had never been in Society at all and he had to learn everything at once.

"Now, don't move suddenly," I whispered. "And be sure not to make any loud Lion noises. They don't understand Lion language yet."

"But oh! I am so happy," he whispered back, "I want to jump up and roar for joy."

"Mercy on us!" I said. "That would spoil everything. They'd be frightened to death and run away screaming and crying and never come back."

"But this little one with her head on my chest is such a *sweetie*!" he said. "Mayn't I just give her a little lick—just a little one?"

"Your tongue is too rough. Wait a minute," I answered.

My Fairy Workers were swarming all about. They were sitting in bunches on the bushes and hanging in bunches from branches, and hopping about and giggling and laughing and nudging each other in the ribs as they looked on at the Lion and the children. They were as amused as they had been when they watched Winnie sitting on the eggs in the Rook's nest. I called Nip to come to me.

"Jump on to the Lion's tongue," I said to him, "and smooth it off with your plane until it is like satin velvet—not silk velvet, but satin velvet."

The Lion politely put out his tongue. Nip leaped up on it and began to work with his plane. He worked until he was quite hot, and he made the tongue so smooth that it was *quite* like satin velvet.

"Now you can kiss the baby," I said.

The Little Little Girl had gone to sleep by this time and she had slipped down and lay curled up on the Lion's front leg as if it was an arm and the Lion bent down and delicately licked her soft cheek, and her fat arm, and her fat leg, and purred and purred.

When the other children saw him they crowded round and were more delighted than ever.

"He's kissing her as if he was a mother cat and she was his kitten," one called out, and she



"ONE OF MY WORKING FAIRIES, JUST FOR FUN,
FLEW DOWN AND ALIGHTED ON A LITTLE
GIRL'S FAT HAND."

held out her hand. "Kiss me too. Kiss me, Liony," she said.

He lifted his head and licked her little hand as she asked and then all the rest wanted him to kiss them and they laughed so that the Little Little Girl woke up and laughed with them and scrambled to her feet and hugged and hugged as much of the Lion as she could put her short arms round. She felt as if he was her Lion.

"I love oo—I love oo," she said. "Tome and play wiv us."

He smiled and smiled and got up so carefully that he did not upset three or four little boys and girls who were sitting on his back. You can imagine how they shouted with glee

when he began to trot gently about with them and give them a ride. Of course everybody wanted to ride. So he trotted softly over the grass, first with one load of them and then with another. When each ride was over he lay down very carefully for the children to scramble

who wanted a drink. He jumped for them, he played tag with them and when he caught them, he rolled them over and over on the grass as if they were kittens; he showed them how his big claws would go in and out of his velvet paws like a pussy cat's. Whatever game



"THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE MOST SPLENDID FUN A PICNIC EVER HAD."

down from his back and then other ones scrambled up.

The things he did that afternoon really made me admire him. A Cozy Lion is nicer to play with than anything else in the world. He shook Ice-cream-grape-juice Melons down from the trees for them. He carried on his back, to a clear little running brook he knew, everyone

they played he would always be "It," if they wanted him to. When the tiniest ones got sleepy, he made grass beds under the shade of trees and picked them up daintily by their frocks or little trousers and carried them to their nests just as kittens or puppies are carried by their mothers. And when the others wanted to be carried too, he carried them as well.



"MY FAIRY WORKERS WERE SWARMING ALL ABOUT."

The children enjoyed themselves so much that they altogether forgot about going home. And as they had laughed and run about every minute and had had *such* fun, by the time the sun began to go down they were all as sleepy as could be. But even then one little fellow in a blue sailor suit asked for something else. He went and stood by the Lion with one arm around his neck and the other under his chin. "Can you roar, old Lion?" he asked him. "I am sure you can roar."

The Lion nodded slowly three times.

"He says 'Yes—Yes,'" shouted everybody. "Oh! do roar for us—as loud as ever you can. We won't be frightened the least bit."

The Lion nodded again and smiled. Then he lifted up his head and opened his mouth and roared and roared and *roared* and *roared*. They were not the least *bit* frightened. They just shrieked and laughed and jumped up and down and made him do it over and over again.

Now I will tell you what had happened in the village.

At first when the children ran away the mothers and fathers were all at their work and did not miss them for several hours. It was at lunch time that the grown-ups began to find

out the little folks were gone and then one mother ran out into the village street, and then another and then another, until all the mothers were there, and all of them were talking at once and wringing their hands and crying. They went and looked under beds, and tables and in cupboards, and in back gardens and in front gardens, and they rushed to the village pond to see if there were any little hats or bonnets floating on the top of the water. But all was quiet and serene and nothing was floating anywhere—and there was not one sign of the children.

When the fathers came the mothers all flew at them. You see it is n't any joke to lose fifty children all at once.

The fathers thought of the Lion the first thing but the mothers had tried *not* to think of him because they could n't bear it.

But at last the fathers got all the guns and all the pistols and all the iron spikes and clubs and scythes and carving knives and old swords, and they armed themselves with them and began to march all together towards the Huge Green Hill. The mothers *would* go too and *they* took scissors and big needles and long hat pins and one took a big pepper pot, full of red pepper, to throw into the Lion's eyes.

They had so much to do before they were



"HE SHOOK ICE-CREAM-GRAPE-JUICE MELONS DOWN FROM THE TREES FOR THEM."

ready that when they reached the Huge Green Hill the sun was going down and what do you think they heard?

They heard this—

"Ro-o-a-a-arh! Ro-o-a-a-rh! Ro-o-a-a-arh!" almost as loud as thunder. And at the same

others were sitting or standing or rolling about with laughter and kicking up their heels—and right in front of the Cave there stood the Lion looking absolutely angelic. His tail had a beautiful blue sash on it tied just above the tuft in a lovely bow, he had a child on his head and three children on his back. The Little Little Girl who was sitting on his mane which was stuck full of flowers, was trying to place a wreath on the top of his head and could n't get it straight, which made him look rather rakish. On one side of him stood the little boy in the sailor suit, and on the other stood a little girl, and each one held him by the end of a rope of pink and white wild roses which they were going to lead him with.

The mother of the Little Little Girl could not wait one minute longer. She ran out towards her calling out:—

"Oh! Betsy-petsy! Oh! Betsy-petsy! Mammy's Lammy-girl!"

And then the other mothers threw away their scissors and hat pins and ran after her in a crowd.

What that clever Lion did was to carefully



HARRISON LADY

"THEN HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND ROARED, AND ROARED, AND ROARED."

time they heard the shouts and shrieks of the entire picnic.

But *they* did not know that the picnic was shouting and screaming for joy.

So they ran and ran and ran—and stumbled and scrambled and hurried and scurried and flurried faster and faster till they had scrambled up the Huge Green Hill to where the Lion's Cave was and then they gathered behind a big clump of bushes and the fathers began to cock their guns and the mothers to sharpen their scissors and hat pins.

But the mother with the pepper-pot had nothing to sharpen, so she peeped from behind the bushes, and suddenly she cried out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Look! Look! And don't fire a single gun, on any account."

And they all struggled to the front to peep. And *this*—thanks to Me—*was what they saw!*

On the green places before the Lion's Cave on several soft heaps of grass, the tiniest children were sitting chuckling or sucking their thumbs. On the grass around them a lot of



"AT LAST THE FATHERS ARMED THEMSELVES AND BEGAN TO MARCH ALL TOGETHER TOWARD THE HUGE GREEN HILL."

lie down without upsetting anybody and stretch out his head on his paws as if he was a pet poodle, and purr and purr like a velvet cat.

The picnic simply shouted with glee. It was

the kind of picnic which is always shouting with glee.

"Oh! Mother! Mother! Father! Father!" it called out. "Look at our Lion! Look at

"May he go home and sleep with me, Mother?"

It was like a bedlam of skylarks let loose this time, and the Lion had to do so many



"OH MOTHER, MOTHER! FATHER, FATHER! LOOK AT OUR LION! WE FOUND HIM OURSELVES! HE'S OURS!"

our Lion! We found him ourselves! He's ours."

And the sailor boy shouted,

"He'll roar for me, Mother!"

And the rest cried out one after another,

"He'll sit up and beg for me!"

"He'll carry me by my trousers!"

"He can play tag!"

"He'll show you his claws go in and out!"

"Mother, ask him to take you riding on his back to get a drink down by the brook."

tricks that only determination to show how Cozy he was kept up his strength. He was determined to prove to the Fathers and Mothers that he *was* Cozy.

And he did it.

From that time he was the Lion of the Village. He was invited everywhere. There never was a party without him. Birthday parties, garden parties, tea parties, wedding parties,—he went to them all. His life was just what he had hoped it might be—one round of gaiety.

The Cozy Lion



"HE COULD DO ALL THE THINGS LIONS DO IN HIPPODROMES."

He became *most* accomplished. He could do all the things Lions do in Hippodromes—and a great many more. The Little Little Girl gave him a flute for a present and he learned to play on it beautifully. When he had an evening at home he used to sit at his Cave door and play and sing. First he played and then he sang this—

*"My Goodness Gracious Me!
This is So-ci'-er-tee!
My Goodness Gracious Mercy Me!"*

*This is So-ci'-er-tee!
It is So-ci'-er-tee!"*

He had composed it himself.

The next story I shall tell you is about my Spring Cleaning. That will show you how I have to work when the winter is over, and how, if it were not for Me, things would never be swept up and made tidy for the summer. The primroses and violets would *never* be wakened, or the Dormice called up, or anything. *It is* a busy time I can tell you.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

By Nancy Byrd Turner

CRIMSON and green and gold—
Look how the last one slips
From out the common pipe you
hold
Between your laughing lips.

Mid-air, it sways and swings,
Drawn earthward from its place,
Yet stayed, as though on unseen wings,
It drifts a little space.

See how your face is caught
There in the shining ball,
And like a vivid rainbow wrought
Are window, floor and wall.

Strange: with a moment's breath
You made a crystal world,
All color-spanned,—above, be-
neath,
Flame-painted, shadow-pearled.

Strange: in a moment's breath,
Light-pinioned, downward set,
It breaks to spray; and underneath
Your watching face is wet.

Nay, little drooping lip,
Your bubbles burst in vain—
Look up and laugh; take pipe and dip,
And launch a world again!

How Joseph Skipped the Lower Rungs

By Martin M. Foss

MR. WILLIAM SEABURY was talking of his rise in the world. It was the one subject to which he was inspired by the carefully plotted green slope from his hilltop barn to the river, with the hazy mountains far away to the westward.

"I was just such a young fellow as you, Joseph, when I made up my mind that this was no place for me,—and see me now."

Joseph brought his face slowly away from the streaked western sky, to the puffy figure of Mr. Seabury. Then he dug his heels a little deeper into the turf, braced his back against the door-post and stared away at the distant hills.

"There are two things to remember, Joseph. One is that you've got to rise by hard work, in any honest business, and the other is that you can't make money where there is n't any. I was seventeen when I went away to the city, with my clothes in a bundle and less than a dollar in my pocket. I had nobody to help me and I needed nobody."

"I got a place to work in a dry-goods house for three dollars a week and I never left that store till last year when I retired from the presidency of the firm. And, if I do say it, there is n't a higher business honor in New York than to be president of Abbott, Schiff and Company. But I did it by hard work."

Joseph shifted his seat from the soft sand to the door-sill and rose slowly to his feet.

"Take my advice boy, and clear out. Pack up your belongings in a piece of brown paper and get to New York somehow if you have to walk. If you work as I did you'll win out." And then after a pause he added:

"Are you goin' to try?"

"I do not think I am."

Mr. Seabury sniffed disgustedly.

"I suppose you have n't the spunk. Would n't you like to get along in the world?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"Well, I've been talking to you all summer now and I think I never saw a boy with so little 'get up and get.' How long do you suppose you'd last in Abbott, Schiff's?"

"About a week," Joseph answered slowly. But he did not laugh.

"What do you expect you'll amount to anyway?" asked Mr. Seabury.

"I don't know."

"What do you want to be—a farmer?"

"No."

"Perhaps you want to be a poet or an artist." And Mr. Seabury leaned back and laughed.

"I'd like to work. I think I would like it. But I'd want to work here by the river with the mountains all around me. I don't want to go to the city."

But Mr. Seabury did not understand—would not listen, and Joseph went away, slowly, his hands deep in his pockets and his head bent toward the ground. Yet he faced the problem of going somewhere, or doing something, now before his father fastened the yoke of farm work permanently on his shoulders.

He had just turned from the winding driveway of Mr. Seabury's summer home, the "most palatial house in Greenwich County" as Mr. Seabury called it, into the narrow, sandy road, when Mr. Morton drove by.

"Hello, Joseph! Want a ride?"

Joseph climbed in beside the thick-set occupant of the buggy, his face alight. In all the County he admired John Morton more than any other man. He was prosperous, but he was not pudgy. He had been successful, but he was not vain. He was a keen, athletic man, who in a few short years had risen, not from office boy but from a position of responsibility to which his education as an engineer fitted him, to the control of several large building firms, and then retired. To-day he was active, vigorous and in every way an ideal to a boy like Joseph.

"Well, Joseph, what's up? Been visiting Croesus?"

"Yes, sir," Joseph answered, smiling.

"What's his advice to-night?"

"To go to the city and start as he did."

"Did he advise you to walk there?"

"Yes, with my clothes in a brown paper parcel," Joseph replied.

"It's the same old, old story. That's the biggest nonsense of the age."

In the fading light Joseph watched the sand

drip from the buggy wheels, and soothed himself with the endless noises of the night. His mind was grappling with the same old problem which every boy meets when he first feels the responsibilities of life and measures himself by the standards of which he has read and the examples which great men have left behind them. Somehow there was a world of comfort in the big, strong, successful man beside him—a comfort as great as the discouragement and gloom which Mr. Seabury diffused. Mr. Morton read his thoughts.

"I don't know what the matter is," Joseph said. Father says I am lazy, and Mr. Seabury said he never saw a boy with so little get up and get. But—well, I don't feel a bit as great men felt when they were boys."

"Nonsense, boy. They did n't feel that way till afterwards when they wrote the story of their lives for the magazines. Or if they did, there were thousands of others who felt the same way and never got beyond a book-keeper's desk. Nobody ever tells about the men who trudged to the city with less than a dollar in their pockets and died there years afterwards without much more. Good boys win and good boys fail. But most men win, *not* because they were industrious, and wiped their feet, and said 'sir,' but because when they met a good opportunity they stuck to it, and would n't let go. That's what Seabury did, only now he thinks he would have won anyhow, no matter where he landed."

"I would like to work, or I think I would, but I don't want to stay here and farm it and I don't want to go away to the city."

In the dusk they were silent for several minutes. Below the river slipped quietly by, with the lights of a tow or passing steamer making the surface visible in streaks.

"Joseph, I'll tell you a business secret. I have n't announced it formally as yet, but I have bought this cliff we are driving over and I am going to build a quarry here. I am tired of loafing and I don't like the city any better than you do. This is trap rock, and it's worth ten cents a cubic foot now. Would you like to work for me?"

The glimmering stars seemed to dance, and the moon, which had just peeped over the river bank, was wonderfully bright. To Joseph the face of the "man in the moon" seemed to be in a broad smile. He tried to speak but his voice trembled. Mr. Morton put out his hand quickly.

"That's all right, Joe. We'll make a start to-morrow. There is plenty of work to be

done, and it may be a good chance for both of us. There is n't anything like this rock near New York for railroads, streets, building and all sorts of foundations."

Mr. Morton told Joseph of the big crushers, of the scows and the tug he would build, of the blasts and the loading and measuring, and all that night Joseph's ears rang with the whirr of the machinery, and the crunching of the stone.

THE responsibilities which were thrust upon Joseph from the first, were enough to upset Mr. Seabury's theory of life, had not that gentleman been firmly convinced that by no possible means could any boy ever grow into useful manhood, and reach that goal of all worldly ambition, wealth, without working up from the bottom. As it was he drew up his horse one day by the roadside office where Joseph was busy with his stone records. In the two years that had passed, Mr. Morton's energy had changed the wild, woodland shore into a busy quarry where great breakers took the stone that was blasted from the cliff and mauled and pounded it until the sifers had carried it away to the storing bins or to the scows at the dock. It was a busy place, and Joseph was the busiest of all the people there. He was observing Mr. Seabury's rules, unconsciously—but he was doing much more. He was adding to the business.

"Well, Joseph, do they keep you busy?" Mr. Seabury asked.

"Oh, yes sir."

"Are you sorry you did n't take my advice?"

But before Joseph could answer Mr. Morton came into the office with his easy swing.

"Good morning, Mr. Seabury. Trying to hire this lad away from me?"

Mr. Seabury sniffed, for there was something in the suave confidence of Mr. Morton which nettled him. Mr. Morton was not an orthodox ladder climber. He had not started at the bottom rung.

"I'll tell you what I think, Morton. I think it's a shame, yes, sir, a crime, to spoil that boy. You'll make him conceited, and he'll never be worth a penny. You'll spoil him."

"Spoil him?" echoed Mr. Morton, genially.

"Yes, spoil him! I said spoil him! You are spoiling him now. He has n't any ground work, any underpinning, and a house that's mostly top story won't stand very long."

"Top stories are very useful in modern

business," Mr. Morton replied with a smile, and deliberately turned to Joseph. Mr. Seabury drove away in disgust.

"Joseph, can you get out ten thousand feet of stone a week with this machinery?"

"Yes, sir, and more, I guess, if necessary. We could arrange for a morning blast, doing

"I know, but they think they are and I am afraid we can't convince our customers otherwise. I am going to New York about it tomorrow to see the governing board. You and Dennett can pay off the men."

And so it had been from the start. Far from gauging Joseph as a boy, Mr. Morton



"THE DOCTOR SAYS I CAN'T GO, JOSEPH, AND I SHALL HAVE TO SEND YOU."

the drilling at night, and keep all the grinders busy day and night."

"There's a big contract in the air just now, which we might get. I am afraid we won't, though, for our rivals are getting anxious to make a start. But we've got to try for it."

"They could n't begin to do that," Joseph answered. "They are not nearly ready to commence cutting."

had accepted him as a man. He had never asked him if he could do this or that, but always told him to go ahead, just as if there were not the slightest shadow of doubt. And, like quick, level-headed boys everywhere, Joseph was equal to what he was asked to do. From the very first he had been Mr. Morton's right hand man in the details of records and shipments, and Joseph's opinion had often been asked.

But the events of the day fell out otherwise than Mr. Morton had planned. He meant to go to New York by the evening train, but he did not mean to slip on his very door sill, nor to turn his ankle so sharply that the grinding pain would not leave him. So instead of his flyer to New York to meet the directors of his new Railroad, he dragged himself to a couch and lay there in great agony for an hour. When the doctor had eased the pain a bit, Mr. Morton's mind snapped back to business. He sent for Joseph.

"Joseph, I have an important appointment in New York to-morrow and the doctor says I can't go. I shall have to send you down."

And he outlined the details of the big contract which he had hoped to make. "But you'll find competition. Schwartz Bros. will sell their stone at below cost to cut us out and get their plant going. And I think Dean & Wentworth will offer it at pretty close prices. The job, at a fair price, means all the stone we can turn out, of the larger sizes, for two years. But we've got to get at least five cents for it. I won't sell it for less."

"And one thing more. Seabury is a director. He ought to be friendly to our town but I am afraid he does n't approve of us. He is a big man in the deal though, and we need his influence."

JOSEPH sent his card in to the meeting of the Railroad Directors with a good deal of a rumpus going on under his coat. He saw a big, heavy faced German come out, smilingly, with his counterpart behind him, and he guessed that these were the Schwartz Bros. He saw later another man, whom he knew to be Mr. Dean, file out, and then came his turn. The President of the railroad was away and Mr. Seabury had been chosen that day to serve as chairman. He looked up as the door opened, expecting Morton to follow the card of The Morton Trap Rock Co. You could have knocked him from his chair with a feather duster when Joseph entered and stood hesitatingly by the door. Joseph was a slender, clean limbed boy, with a face that was wide awake and eyes that seemed to see everything. There were other directors who looked up in surprise when Mr. Seabury exclaimed,

"Why, Joseph, where's Mr. Morton?"

Joseph had been wondering whether his throat would let a word out edgewise. He gained courage when his voice served him in his explanation. Mr. Seabury tapped his pencil in evident vexation. So far had his

hobby of orthodox business progress been carried, and so great was his distrust of Mr. Morton's type, that he found it possible to believe this a joke, put up by Morton, because of what had been said the day before.

"I am sorry," he said tartly, "but I don't think we can conduct our negotiations with you."

"I have my authority and bids here," Joseph answered. "Mr. Morton was prevented from coming by an accident last evening."

Mr. Seabury took the papers but he did not yield.

"I feel sure that it will be the sense of this meeting to make no agreements with a boy. If there is nobody but you to take Mr. Morton's place in case of accident or illness, a contract with the company would be too risky."

Joseph felt a hot anger mount to his cheeks. He saw why Mr. Seabury was nettled, and he had hard work to restrain himself from showing his inward resentment. The other directors were impatient of the delay.

"Mr. Morton, of course, is willing to have you investigate any assurances I may make, but I did n't understand any contract was to be made to-day."

"It's a waste of time, and we are busy," snapped Mr. Seabury.

"Still, I think, sir, I am entitled to a hearing. I don't see why you should refuse that."

"Because you are only a boy and ought to be sweeping out the office and running errands instead of wasting the time of busy men."

Joseph saw a twinkle in the eye of a tall, thin man who sat well back from the long table. He learned afterward that this was Mr. Thayer, an expert engineer and the backbone of the enterprise.

"Of course if you will not hear me I must go away but I don't think it's fair. If Mr. Morton takes the risk I don't see why you should mind."

And then Mr. Thayer spoke up.

"That sounds reasonable enough. I think any other course would be irregular."

And Joseph got his hearing. From the moment he took his seat at the end of the table, he felt his courage come back. He was talking "stone" now and there was n't much about it that he did n't know. He had spent his idle hours studying the shores, and the property of his rivals, so that he knew the situation perfectly. But Mr. Seabury would not let him alone.

"In the first place," he broke in, "a discussion is of little use. The price is so much

higher than the other bids as to make it hopeless."

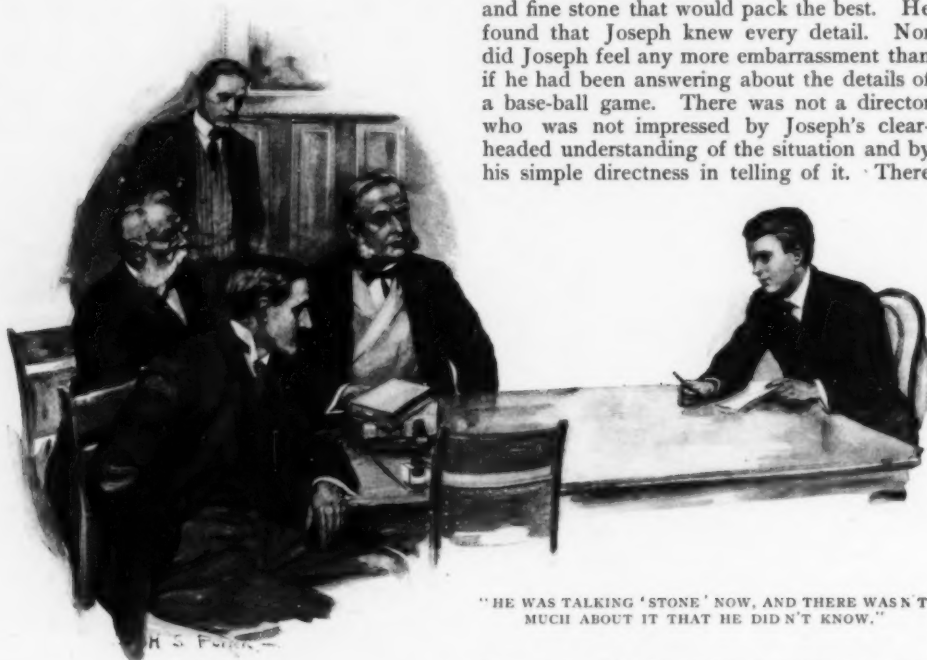
"Yes, sir, I suppose so. But we can supply the larger sizes and the other quarries can't."

"Why not?" snapped Mr. Seabury.

"Because their stone is too soft and grinds up too much."

Mr. Thayer nodded his approval of this statement.

Still Mr. Seabury went on.



supplying all of the rock at cost. They've got to put in more machinery to get the stone out in two years, and even if they combine, they can't be sure to do it then. Neither of the firms has ever turned a wheel and we've been at it two years."

It was then that Mr. Thayer, the engineer, took a hand in the discussion. He plied Joseph with questions about the quality of the rock, the cost of transporting it, the probable weekly deliveries and the proportion of coarse and fine stone that would pack the best. He found that Joseph knew every detail. Nor did Joseph feel any more embarrassment than if he had been answering about the details of a base-ball game. There was not a director who was not impressed by Joseph's clear-headed understanding of the situation and by his simple directness in telling of it. There

"HE WAS TALKING 'STONE' NOW, AND THERE WASN'T MUCH ABOUT IT THAT HE DIDN'T KNOW."

"Does it seem likely that they would bid on a stone they could n't supply? I think we may dismiss this matter with safety, gentlemen."

"They expect to buy it of us, if they get this contract. They think we'll be slack and sell cheap to keep the plant going."

"I'd be careful how I uttered any libels if I were you, young man," said Mr. Seabury tartly.

"I don't say it for certain. But I do say that they can't supply coarse stones that will stand up. I know that and Mr. Seabury, who lives in our town, ought to know it too."

There was a little titter somewhere which made Mr. Seabury scowl.

"Besides," Joseph went on, "they'll be

was even a kindly smile on more than one face when he grew excited in his description of the perfect system of measuring and loading which they had developed, for all the world as if he were explaining a new base-ball trick.

Mr. Seabury had one more shot.

"There are no terms mentioned here. Perhaps our young friend can tell us something about the length of time we shall have for payments?"

Joseph felt a little flush creep over his face, a flush which Mr. Seabury thought was embarrassment. But Joseph, who had had all too little time to discuss details before the meeting, made the very answer Mr. Morton would have made—the easy, evasive answer of a business man who wishes no one detail to interfere with a large contract.

"Mr. Morton did n't mention that. Our terms are three months. But I guess Mr. Morton would make them anything reasonable."

Now Joseph had very little idea of how the money end of big transactions was conducted. He knew nothing of notes and interest, of discounts and the financing of big enterprises. And when Mr. Seabury caught up this trail he felt his first fear come back to him. Mr. Thayer saved him.

"This discussion seems out of place at a preliminary hearing. We did not require terms of the other bidders and I think it safe to assume that Mr. Morton will meet our needs."

Mr. Seabury sniffed in disgust, and Joseph, realizing that he had finished, slipped quietly out. He was waiting for the elevator, his heart still thumping, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was Mr. Thayer.

"I should like to have you lunch with me to-day at the club. I am an old friend of Morton's."

The big club dining-room embarrassed Joseph more than the directors' meeting. He felt strangely out of place, and very much at a loss as to what he should eat, and whether it would cost too much. But Mr. Thayer put him at his ease. He led the talk back to "stone" and the works, and then he raised Joseph to the seventh heaven of happiness.

"I may as well tell you, after all, that we decided to take your offer. I think you are entitled to know. Mr. Seabury fought it, but he voted alone."

"And he lives in our town!" exclaimed Joseph.

"Yes. He did n't seem to like your coming down in Morton's place. What's the matter?"

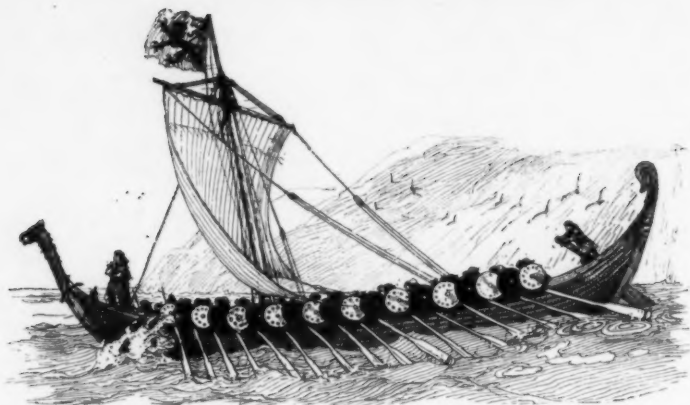
"I am not starting right to his way of thinking. I ought to have walked to New York, with my clothes in a bundle, I guess. He thinks I cannot succeed."

Mr. Thayer's eyes twinkled.

"Ah, but you will, if you keep at it! It is n't the way you start, nor just staying late at the office, nor untying the string, instead of using a jack knife, nor keeping your eyes off the clock, that counts. These egotistical old fellows like Mr. Seabury really worked hard and did n't do these things, and then, when they talk to boys, they think these trifles are what made them go ahead. They got a chance, they worked hard and they landed on top. You've got a chance that you're fitted to fill and I guess you have worked hard. It is what a boy actually does to *make the business pay better* that makes him valuable, yet a lot of boys who have worked for me, complain if I don't put them ahead, when they are working hard, staying overtime for form's sake, when they don't need to, but are not doing me or my business a bit of good. But you would n't think this was so to hear these old fellows talk."

And that very afternoon, when Joseph was hurrying back to the country with his good news, Mr. Thayer wrote a letter to Mr. Morton, suggesting an investment. And that investment was a technical training for Joseph. They made it, and it paid wonderfully well. It paid Mr. Morton the better, though, for he now has a partner who is rated everywhere as the best "stone" man in New York state.





A VIKING SHIP.

War-ships—Ancient and Modern

By Frank E. Channon

DID you ever think of the difference between an old Viking's dragon and a modern battle ship? The hardy Norsemen flourished, roughly speaking, about a thousand years ago, and built their war-ships from the felled trees of their wild north forests. The chief means of propulsion was a huge, square sail, which was supported by a mast arising from the center, or waist of the ship. This sail was aided by a great number of long sweeps, or oars, thrust out of the side of the vessel through round holes. These sweeps were prevented from falling overboard by strong pegs, made of hard wood, which passed through notches in the sides of the aperture when the oars were shipped. Above the holes were the shields, forming a fine protection to the rowers. From the picture you will see that the seamen were very little exposed to the arrows of their enemies. The shields were, however, what a boy would call: "a dead give-away," for they clearly told the number of men aboard.

The ship was steered by a large oar affixed to the right-hand side of the vessel, called "the steerboard"; hence our "starboard." The place where the steersman stood was called the "steernoern," meaning, steering-place, from which our "stern" is derived.

The general plan of battle with the Vikings was the discharge of a cloud of arrows, followed instantly by boarding tactics. The rival ships would be driven together, and meet with a resounding crash; then, battle-ax in hand, the Vikings would swarm over sides and fight it out.

It was generally a case of "Death or Victory," but sometimes captives were taken, who then became "thralls," or slaves to their captors.

I have often heard people contend that the word "viking" was connected with "king" and meant, "sea-kings." Such is not the case, however, for viking comes from, "vic," meaning a bay, and these marauders were so called on account of their habit of embarking from some secluded bay, instead of from the public harbors of the king.

Of course there were war-ships long before the Norse Vikings became the terror of the seas. The Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Persians and Greeks all had ships of war, and fought fierce naval battles. The Moors, too, built swift-sailing galleys in which they sailed around the civilized coasts, taking plunder and slaves.

After the passing of the Vikings, ships of war gradually became larger and larger, until in the reign of Henry VII of England, we have the *Great Harry* of about eight hundred tons. She was a big, bulky vessel, and she formed the model for ships of war for the next hundred years. The Spanish built their great ships of the invincible Armada very much on the same lines, only much larger. Tennyson in his ballad of "The Little Revenge," speaks of:

"The mountain-like *San Phillip*,
That of fifteen-hundred tons,
With her yawning tiers of guns,
Upshadowing high above us,
Took the wind from our sails,
And we stayed."

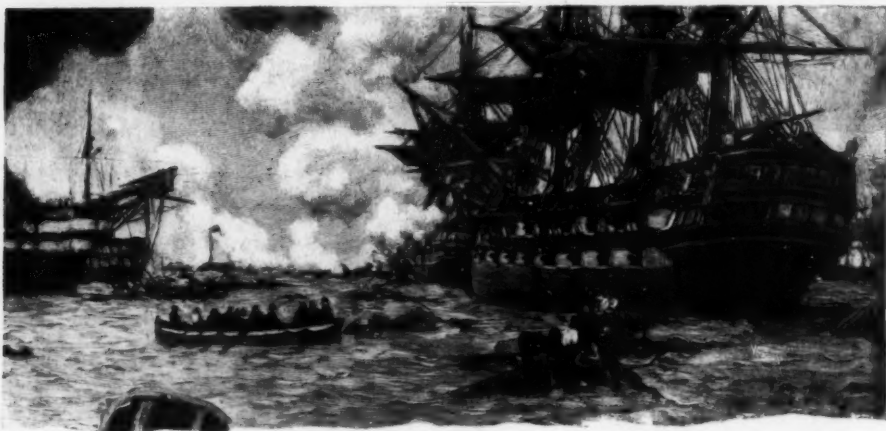


"AND ABOVE THEM ALL, AND STRONGEST OF ALL, TOWERED THE GREAT HARRY" *Longfellow.*

In fact, the very size of the Spanish vessels is said to have been, to a great extent, the cause of the ill success of the Spaniards; the guns on their great ships being mounted so high that the shots from them carried clear over the smaller, but more nimble English vessels.

The Dutch and the British strove for the mastery of the sea in big, high-sterned ships, but gradually these passed away, and in the war of 1812-13 we have the noble-looking frigates and giant three-deckers. The great Nelson fought his actions with the three-deck man-of-war, but when steam took the place of sails, the size of the new vessels caused the old ones to look like pigmies, and now we are still racing on, increasing the size every year at a pace that seems to

protected by the armor. The armor is not so thick as formerly, but this is made up for by an improved kind of material whose resisting power is greater. The modern battle ship is intended to combine in one vessel the most powerful, offensive and defensive weapons of floating warfare. These battle ships may be divided into three portions, namely, the part under water; the part near the water-line; and the upper works. In the first-named parts are carried the machinery and boilers, coal, the steering gear, the submerged torpedo tubes, the ammunition and the greater part of the stores. These parts are the most vulnerable parts of the ship. Attempts have been made to armor the bottom of battle ships, against



WAR-SHIPS OF LORD NELSON'S TIME. THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

know no tiring. Here is a rough table that will show at a glance the progress at which ships have increased in size.

In 1677, they were of about 1,500 tons; 1720, 1,800 tons. The 2,000 tons mark had been reached by 1745, and in 1800, 2,500 tons was no uncommon size, while the year 1854 saw a vessel of four thousand tons on the slips. It was the introduction of steam that caused the size of ships to travel in leaps and bounds, and during the last ten years the rate of progress has been greater yet.

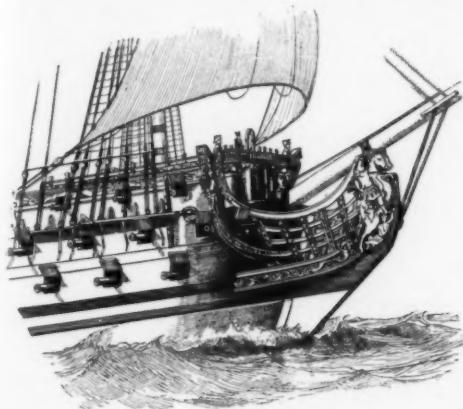
The war-ships of to-day are, as most people know, armored, but, contrary to the popular idea, they are not protected all over.

A recent authority has said that the improvement in rapid-firing guns in late years has resulted in armor-protecting more of the side of the ship, and in increasing the number of guns

explosions of torpedoes, but they have not been generally successful owing to the fact that to have the armor effective it would have to be very thick and therefore very heavy—an objection that engineers have not successfully overcome.

To prevent the penetration of projectiles from above there is a protective armor deck, usually from two to four inches thick, the middle part of which is a little above the water-line. This deck slopes down at the sides to the bottom edge of the armor belt from four to six feet under water. There is sometimes a second protective deck below the first one to catch fragments which might pass through the first, and this is sometimes called the "splinter deck." The part of the ship immediately above the protective deck, in the vicinity of the water-line, is sometimes called

the "raft body." It is protected from the enemy's projectiles by a heavy armor belt. In modern battle ships this armor belt extends over the whole or over the greater part of the length.



THE BOW OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

The gun positions are all well armored; so is the conning-tower, which is the place from which the captain directs the fighting. This tower is connected by telephones and speaking-tubes with all the important parts of the craft.

The guns mounted by a modern battle ship are generally two big twelve-inch ones at each end, protected by armored turrets, and a large number of eight- and six-inch ones, in casements also armored. Just now there is a constant battle between guns and armor. As the penetrating power of the guns is increased, so is the resisting power of the armor. In the new British ship, *Dreadnaught*, the smaller six-inch guns have disappeared, and instead, we see a battery of ten twelve-inch guns. This vessel is supposed to have been constructed in consequence of the lessons learned during the late war between Russia and Japan.

Our own ships now generally seem to have a displacement of about 16,000 tons, but the rate is constantly increasing. It is bigger, bigger, bigger all the time, and each new design shows a greater displacement. To shoot and penetrate the armor at six miles is nothing nowadays.

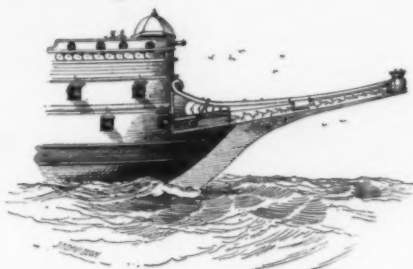
In the cruiser class, the guns are not so large, neither is the armor so thick, but the ship can travel faster; more space is devoted to the engines; thus our new cruisers mount, perhaps, four eight-inch guns, with a side battery of some fourteen or sixteen six-inch pieces, supported by a large number of twelve- and six-pounders. This class of gun does not carry so far or throw

such weight, but it fires much more rapidly, and is generally used for the repulsing of torpedo craft. A battle ship, then, is solely for fighting; it takes its place in the line of battle, while a cruiser is for both fighting and running. These cruisers, in their turn, are divided into two or more classes, viz.: armored and unarmored ones, but even the unarmored ones are often equipped with the "protected deck."

The hulls of all these vessels are subdivided into bulkheads, or water-tight compartments, so that if a shot penetrates the hull, it merely admits the water to one of these, and the efficiency of the ship is not impaired to any extent.

To build a modern battle ship takes from sixteen months to three years, according to the facilities of the yard at which it is being built. The cost is, roughly speaking, about five or six million dollars.

Torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers are small, unarmored craft; often the steel hull is only about one half-inch in thickness, but they travel as fast as many railway trains; some thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. They discharge their deadly bolt and run. A dark, stormy night is their chance, then, without a light showing, they dash in and launch their torpedo, escaping, if they can, the hail of rapid



THE PROW OF A GALLEY OF 1594.

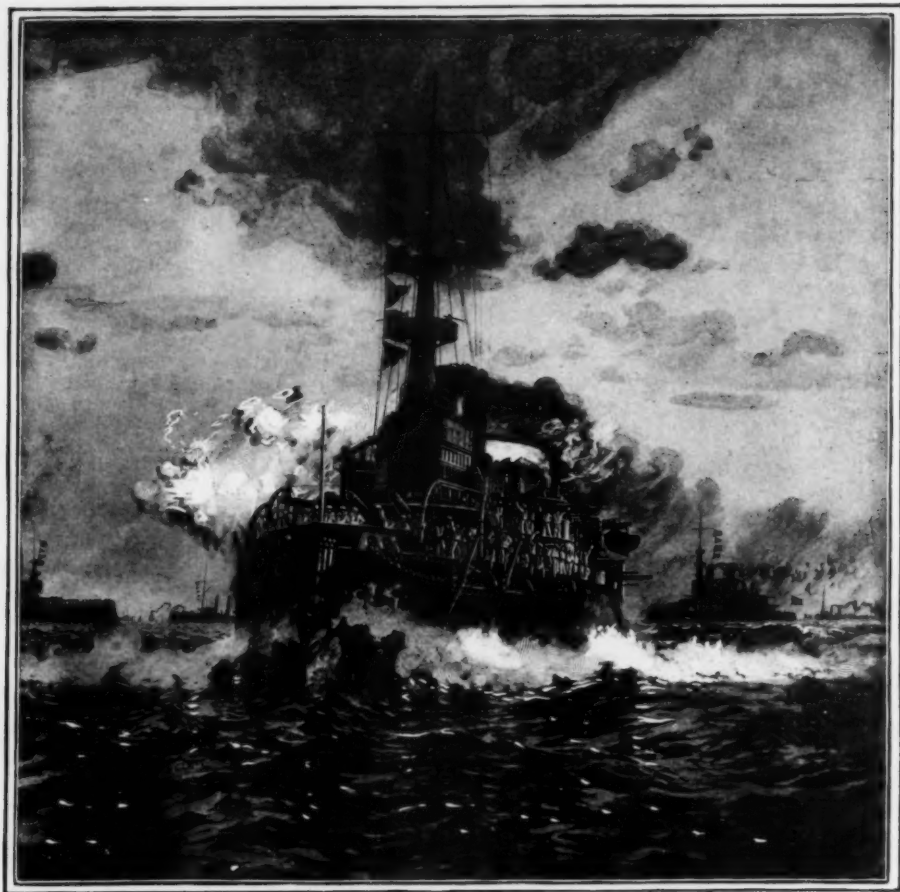
fire that is sure to deluge them. Kipling, in his graphic style, gives a fine description of the deadly work of these little fiends:

"Now! while their silly smoke hangs thick,
Now, ere their wits they find—
Strike! and strike hard!—
The blow went home;—
Our galled whale is blind!"

and then shows the terrible risks to those who man the torpedo-boat destroyers, in the reckless lines:

"Good luck to those who get away!
God help those left behind!"

It may be interesting to American boys and



THE OREGON SALUTING ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP AT THE END OF HER FIFTEEN-THOUSAND-MILE VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN.

girls to know how many vessels there are in our navy. There are two hundred and seventy, divided up as follows: Battle ships (first and second class), 13; armored cruisers, 6; armored ram, 1; monitors, 10; protected cruisers, 19; unprotected cruisers, 3; gun-boats,

36; training ships, 2; special class, 2; torpedo-boats and destroyers, 50; submarines, 8; steam cruising vessels (iron and wooden), 12; sailing vessels (wooden), 8; tugs, 43; auxiliary cruisers, 5; converted yachts, 23; colliers, 16; supply ships, 14; hospital ship, 1.



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Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER X

WITH considerable effort and much ink, Abbie Ann wrote a letter to her father that very next day. Maria was down-stairs practising, so the spelling was Abbie Ann's own:

"Deer Father," she wrote, "we went to see Them. Aunt Ann is not so grate an Aunt as Aunt Abbie is but I like her the Best. I hope I will not Go to see them Anny more. Maria is Well. I love her Next to you and Mr. McEwan. I sed I wode be glad not to have Them for my aunts, and she sed you cant be chewers in kin its what you have got. Miss. Henrietta sed I might ask you about my aunts and so I do.

Your true daughter

ABBIE ANN RICHARDSON.

Do you know what is a Norris feechar? Do you think I have Got them deer Father I do Not think I have."

But the next Friday, before any answer had come to this, Miss Henrietta sent for Abbie Ann, who, truth to tell, went a little fearfully. She felt that she had a right to dread such summons since the last one. Nor was she wrong about it.

"Abbie," said Miss Henrietta briefly, "your Aunts wish you to come and stay with them until Sunday afternoon. The carriage is waiting."

Miss Henrietta at her desk spoke shortly and also avoided looking at the youngest pupil. Perhaps she, like other peacemakers before her, was wishing she had let well enough alone before setting this thing going. At any rate she spoke briefly, then took up her pen. The matter was ended.

But not so with the victim. For a moment she stood still as if stunned, and then clutched Miss Owsley's sleeve. Some things are too appalling to be believed. Her intense little face might have been a masque of tragedy. "But I don't have to go, please say I don't have to go, Miss Henrietta!"

Some people are moved by sympathy one way, some another, it made Miss Owsley cross. "Now, Abbie," she said, "we want no scenes. Martha is packing your bag. Go and get ready." And Miss Henrietta, her lips closing firmly, returned to her writing.

Abbie Ann went slowly out. Martha was putting a little nightgown into the bag when the youngest pupil came in; the youngest pupil was crying.

"It 's dreadful 'swelling' on the nose," remarked Martha, looking up, "which ain't to



"ABBIE ANN WROTE A LETTER TO HER FATHER."

say becoming to red hair. What you been using this tooth brush on, anyhow?"

Abbie Ann mopped her eyes, "My overshoes," she said.

"I thought it could n't 'a' been your teeth," said Martha, gazing at the article dubiously.

But Abbie Ann was pulling her best buttoned shoes out of the closet. "I reckon you 'd cry too, Martha Lunn. I think Abbie Ann's an awful name, anyhow, and if they

had n't been my Aunts, I would n't have had to be it."

"You might 've been Samantha Ann," rejoined Martha, "I 've got a Aunt Samantha Simpson Sanders."

Abbie paused in the shoe buttoning. "Sometimes I think you 're right comforting, Martha," acknowledged Abbie Ann.

Perhaps Miss Henrietta was more concerned than she cared to show. She was down-stairs—by chance, was it?—and came to the door to see the youngest pupil off. She had a letter too, for Abbie Ann.

"The postman just brought it in time," she said with a hand on Abbie's little shoulder. Then she called to the driver of the closed carriage at the curb:

"Jennings, are you to take Miss Abbie Ann straight home?"

"No, ma'am," came from out Jennings' furs, for the day was raw, "Miss Abbie and Miss Ann are waiting at the milliner's."

Now there are vehicles and there are equipages. Abbie Ann had never ridden in an equipage before. And a Jennings in furs is an imposing sight. Abbie Ann got in. She looked very small when the door was shut upon her.

With a little gloved fist, she rubbed fiercely at the tears that would come, and with the other hand held to her letter.

In time the carriage drew up before a store, and a plump little girl in brown, with loose burnished curls beneath a big brown hat and with a nose inclining to be pink at the tip, came forth. Then a young girl, waiting apparently at the door, took her little gloved hand and led her back through the store between cases of ribbons and feathers and artificial flowers to a space curtained off in the rear.

"Well," said a grim voice as they went in between the curtains, "she did let you come?"

It was Aunt Abbie Norris. It was evident time had not softened her manner.



"THIS, IS THE TABLE AT WHICH THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE —."

But Aunt Ann Norris, who was sitting in a chair, with a hand-glass, before the mirror, called the little niece to her. Aunt Ann bent to kiss her. Aunt Ann's face was very white for an old, old woman, except on the cheek bones where it was very red. It made her look older, it made Abbie Ann feel afraid.

Aunt Ann Norris, before the mirror holding a hand-glass, was getting a new bonnet. The little niece, having been kissed, was told to get upon a chair while Aunt Ann returned to the business.

The milliner lady, at this, held a spray of airy feathers, glittering with spangles, against the bonnet upon old Aunt Ann's head. Then she laid it aside and tried a bunch of purple flowers. Aunt Abbie favored the flowers, the lady was inclined to the feather.

Aunt Ann seemed to be gathering up her courage. Then she spoke a little uncertainly, "How would it do," she said, "to use both?"

Aunt Abbie arose with abruptness. "It is unbelievable, your love of dress, Ann," she said, and the lace barbs on her head-piece and the bangles, quivered with the decision of it, "we will take the bonnet, Madame Breaux, and with the flowers. Good afternoon."

They were almost out of the store when something seemed to strike Aunt Abbie about the plump little niece preceding her. "Child," she said, "who selected that hat you have on? Is that your *best* bonnet?"

"Yes'm, Miss Henrietta bought it."

Miss Henrietta and Aunt Abbie Norris seemed to be of two minds about most things.

"Madame Breaux," said Aunt Abbie, bringing the party to a halt, "show us hats suitable for this child."

And when Abbie Ann next entered the carriage, following behind the two old ladies, she bore upon her burnished red curls, a great, soft-brimmed, feathered thing that might have been the ideal of her finery-loving little soul's own dream. Abbie Ann was a Norris in more ways than in features. It even heartened her up for a time, and she followed the old ladies presently from the carriage into the house with a pretty fair grace.

But something depressing seemed to come upon little Abbie at dinner. Nobody talked, and Jennings presented things suddenly on a silver waiter.

Abbie felt forlorn; waves of misery, one after another rose up, out of the pit of her little stomach and enveloped her. She could not eat, lumps were in her throat until it ached. It was homesickness, but Abbie Ann had never heard it called that.

Presently Aunt Abbie spied the little guest's plate. "Sit up," she said, "sit up and eat your dinner."

Abbie Ann sat up and began swallowing pieces almost whole. In time the meal came to an end and she could get down.

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It seemed a solemn house, heavy and subdued. It was like the carriage that was an equipage, it made little Abbie Ann feel small. Aunt Ann took her by the hand and led her into the room opening on the dining room. Here she pointed to a chair, a chair one would almost naturally avoid, a chair with a bone-like structure of spindles for a back, and with ungracefully spraddling legs. "This, Abbie Ann," she said with no little pride, "is the chair Benjamin Franklin sat in when he called on our Grandmother Gwynne, and this," laying her be-ringed old wrinkled hand on the beveled edge of a table, "is where the Marquis de Lafayette—"

"Now Ann," it was the voice of Aunt Abbie coming in from the dining room, "you are mixing it up again—"

Aunt Ann looked put out. Her old voice grew quite decided. "Not at all, Sister Abbie, it was in this chair that—"

"—Lafayette sat," said Aunt Abbie appearing in the doorway.

Aunt Ann looked quite flushed. "No, sister, Lafayette wrote, and Franklin sat—"

Aunt Abbie tapped the table smartly with her knuckles, "It was at this table, Ann, that Franklin wrote,—"

"—but he did n't write, Sister, he *sat*—" poor Miss Ann Norris was almost tearful.

"—that Franklin wrote to his brother in Boston," stated Aunt Abbie firmly. "Try to remember these things as they are, Ann," and Aunt Abbie retired.

"Abbie Ann," said Aunt Ann Norris, recovering herself as she could, "do you know who the Marquis de Lafayette was?"

"No, ma'am," said Abbie Ann.

"Dear me," said the old lady; "but you know Benjamin Franklin?"

"No, ma'am," said the wretched Abbie.

After which they went into the parlor and Aunt Ann read aloud bits from the evening paper and Aunt Abbie made grim comments thereon.

"Dear me," reported Aunt Ann, "another burglary! It terrifies me to read of how—"

"Then I would n't read it," said Aunt Abbie, and Aunt Ann was silent for a time. But before long she revived.

"Some one named Smith is dead," she reported, "J. T. or J. F. I can't just make out, J. F., I believe—"

"Do you know anybody named either?" inquired Aunt Abbie briefly.

"No," Aunt Ann confessed, "she did n't know any Smiths at all, but—"

"Then what matter?" snapped Aunt Abbie.

And all the while Abbie Ann sat on a square stool and wondered why they had asked her to come. It did not occur to Abbie Ann that people sometimes do things because they think they ought to. The two old ladies were pretty near as ill at ease as the guest. Evidently they had no idea what to do with her now they had her with them.

Perhaps they were as relieved as Abbie Ann when Eliza came to take her to bed. They kissed her good night hastily.

And all this while Abbie had not read her letter. She thought to do so now, but Eliza kept waiting and offering to unbutton her clothes, as if to get it through with and over. It is n't pleasant to undress with an Eliza waiting for you to get through. But Abbie Ann was subdued past any will of her own by this time. It was in a meek voice, after she had been assisted in between cold linen sheets, that she asked if she might read her letter in bed.

Eliza flared up the gas with no very good grace, which further so disturbed Abbie that she found herself having to spell every other word. Finding this bid fair to take all night, Eliza offered to read it to her.

After various items of home news, the letter ended with, "And now, my little girl, it is enough for you to know that Miss Abbie and Miss Ann are your aunts, and that it was your mother's wish that you should love them."

Eliza was deeply interested. She forgot to be in a hurry. "Did n't you always know they were your aunts?" she inquired.

"No," said Abbie Ann, "I did n't know anything about them."

"Dear, dear!" said Eliza, "Miss Evelyn's own child and never to have heard of Miss Abbie and Miss Ann!"

"Did she,—did my mother know them, Eliza?" queried Abbie Ann, sitting up in bed in her interest.

"Did Miss Evelyn—" Eliza began, then broke off; "this was her own little bed, and her own room you are in this minute."

"Oh, Eliza, did she have to come to stay here, too? How was it all, Eliza, why did n't I know about it before?"

But Eliza drew in. "It is n't for me to be talkin', I 'm thinkin'," she said, abruptly, "Good night, Miss Abbie Ann."

Now whether the little girl in that bed dreamed it or not, she could not tell, but it seemed to her the next morning, that in the night, she had waked, and had seen Aunt Abbie standing by the bed and looking at her,

but that as she opened her eyes, Aunt Abbie faded away and left her in the darkness.

CHAPTER XI

AT breakfast, Aunt Abbie was so grim, that the little Abbie was overcome to think she even dared to dream about her in the night. But the rest of the morning passed quickly, for Eliza, more amiable by day, and guessing many things, asked if Abbie Ann would like to go to market with the cook.

At luncheon Aunt Abbie did not appear, confessing to a headache, it seemed. "A most unusual thing," Aunt Ann explained to Abbie Ann, "an almost unheard-of thing; I do not remember your Aunt Abbie to have had a headache in years."

"She says you are to take Miss Abbie Ann for a drive, Miss Ann," here explained Eliza, "she says she wishes to be left alone."

"Very well, Eliza," said Miss Ann meekly, and accordingly she and Abbie Ann went out, gorgeous in their new head-gear, for a drive.

Now for some reason the little Abbie felt able to talk with Aunt Ann. After a while she ventured a remark about the thing puzzling her. "Did you always know there was a me, Aunt Ann?" she queried.

Aunt Ann looked troubled; she smoothed the fur tails to her stole with a hand that always trembled a little. "Your Aunt Abbie," she remarked with seeming irrelevance, after a little pause, "is a strong character, she is a person of great discretion and reserve; a person of singular reserve, my dear. And in the latter, I trust," added Aunt Ann hastily, "I resemble her."

Now Abbie Ann, listening, did not understand a word. Neither did she understand Aunt Ann, or she would have known there was more to follow.

"Neither am I without proper pride in family," declared Aunt Ann; "I 'm sure I 'm as proud of blood as ever Sister is: it is n't everyone, my dear, who could be 'Daughters' through two lines, and 'Dames' through four. Not that I 'd have you think I objected to shaving soap. Why should n't a man's father make shaving soap? I 've been told it was very good soap. And I 'm sure when you think about it, Benjamin Franklin's father made candles, not so different, you see? But Sister Abbie could n't seem to stand the family likeness on the soap wrappers. But he 's dead now, and the business too, I 've

been told, and John's in coal mines. But I would n't have you feel I consider soap as so different from whale oil, where ours came from, my dear."

Abbie Ann's countenance, as she gazed on her Aunt Ann, showed wonder and bewilderment; what was Aunt Ann talking about?

But the old lady had herself all wrought up; she pulled the strap and told Jennings, "home."

Aunt Abbie appeared at dinner, but taller, straighter, grimmer, if possible, than before. Conversation died away.

Afterward, Abbie Ann was given a book, and told to sit on the little stool and read; now the little stool was embarrassingly near to Aunt Abbie, who was reading a large volume bound in solemn leather.

Abbie Ann looked at the book given her which had a strangely familiar red and gold binding, somewhat faded. Its name, yes, its name was "Sanford and Merton." Do all old ladies keep "Sanford and Merton" on hand for little girls?

Abbie Ann opened the book listlessly, at any page that chanced. She spelled along for a time, concerning a little boy named Harry.

"Besides learning, with greatest readiness, everything that was taught him, little Harry"—so said the book,—"was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. He was never discontented, nor did he grumble, whatever he was desired to do. And then you might believe Harry in everything he said; for though he could have gained a plum cake by telling an untruth, and was sure the truth would expose him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children who place their whole happiness in eating; for give him but a morsel of dry bread for his dinner and he would be satisfied, though you placed sweetmeats and fruit and every other nicety in his—"

Abbie Ann hunted another place, she could n't stand any more of Harry; we all prefer to meet ordinary people like ourselves along the way. There was another boy named

Tommy. She turned the pages, hunting something less unnatural than the virtues of Harry. But alas:

"'Dear heart!' said Tommy, 'what a number of accidents people are subject to in this world!'

"'It is very true,' answered a Mr. Barlow, 'but as that is the case, it is necessary to improve ourselves in every manner, that we may be able to struggle against them.'

"'That,'" said Tommy on that page, or some other, it really did not matter to Abbie Ann which, as she turned them, "'I perfectly comprehend,'"—which, to tell the truth, was more than Abbie did.

She felt she had had enough of "Sanford and Merton." She peeped up cautiously, to meet, however, Aunt Abbie's grim eye, and returned hastily to her book, too hastily in fact to know that Aunt Abbie returned to hers as hastily, and with something of the same guilty air of being caught. For strangely enough, Aunt Abbie had not been reading at all, but gazing at her little niece. Shortly after, she arose, and saying something about not being well, went up-stairs.

Eliza appeared soon after for Abbie Ann.

It seemed hours after she was in bed, that Abbie Ann opened her eyes. It was no dream this time, there was Aunt Abbie, or—was it? With the fierceness gone, it was an old woman, whose hand holding a candle, was tremulous, whose nose and chin, in silhouette on the wall, made grotesque—

It frightened Abbie worse to have her tremble, to have her old, than to have her tall and stern and grim. What did she want? Why did n't she go? Would n't she ever, ever go? Would she stand there forever, forever, with that candle, looking down—

Abbie Ann, holding her little self rigid, felt she could n't stand it to have Aunt Abbie know she was awake, Aunt Abbie might lean over, she might touch her—

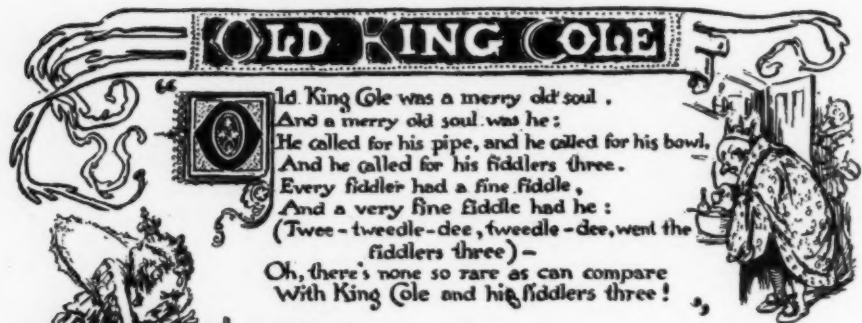
But Aunt Abbie never knew; and perhaps too, little Abbie fell asleep without knowing it, for when she woke again, only the light from the hall was in the room, and Aunt Abbie with her candle was gone.

(To be concluded.)

Mother Goose Continued

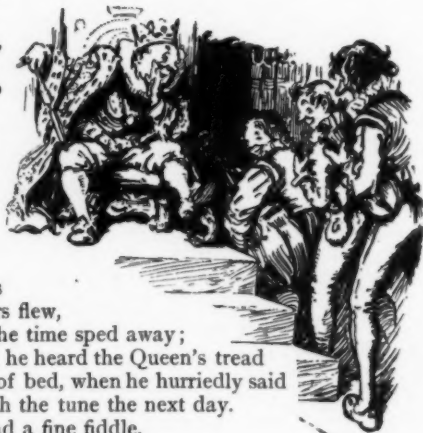
By Anna Marion Smith

OLD KING COLE

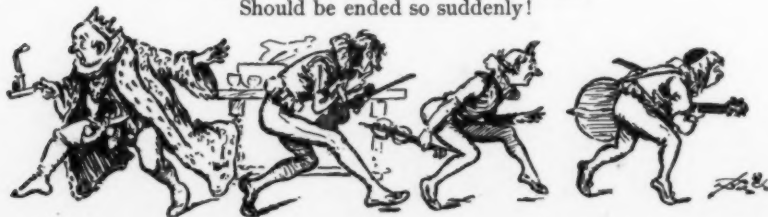


Good Queen Kate was his royal mate,
And a right royal mate was she:
She would frequently state that carous-
ing till late
Was something that never should be.
But every fiddler had such a fine fiddle, -
Oh, such a fine fiddle had he, -
That old King Cole, in his inmost soul,
Was as restive as he could be.

When thus spoke she to his majesty,
He planted his crown on tight.
"We will wait," whispered he to
the fiddlers three,
"Till the Queen has retired for the night."
Every fiddler then tuned up his fiddle,
And tuned it as true as could be:
While old King Cole got his pipe and bowl
And replenished them secretly.



So gay they grew as
the night hours flew,
He forgot how the time sped away;
Till swift overhead he heard the Queen's tread
As she sprang out of bed, when he hurriedly said
They might finish the tune the next day.
Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he:
Oh, 't was not fair such a concert rare
Should be ended so suddenly!





Pussy sits beside the fire
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog.
"Pussy, are you there?
So so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how you do?
Indeed, I thank you little dog,
I'm very well just now."

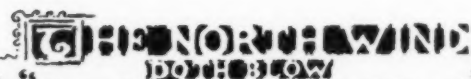
"Fy, pussy, what a lazy cat,
On such a pleasant day
To sit and drowse beside the fire
And sleep the hours away!
A self-respecting dog would think
Himself a sorry cur,
If he did nothing all day long
But fold his arms and purr!"



"Now, sir, you need n't criticize
Because I sit and blink,
For while my eyes are shut, like this,
I think, and think, and think.
And when I purr, please understand
I work with all my might,
A-humming over songs I sing
When I go out at night."



"Excuse me. Now I'll close my
eyes,
And think a little more.
On busy days like this, I show
My visitors the door.
'T is only little dogs who judge
That one must idle be,
Unless one 's chasing round and
round
Or barking up a tree."



"The north wind doeth blow, and we shall have
snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing."

But never a word of plaint will be
heard
From robin, no matter how tired
and cold;



For well will he know that the
winter will go,
And the blossoms and greenness
of spring unfold.

And when the warm sun says
winter is done,
He'll gladden us all with his
cheery song;
And never will fret if the season
is wet,

Or wail that the winter was hard and long.

Captain June

By Alice Hegan Rice

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," etc.

With Pictures by C. D. Weldon

CHAPTER VII



EVEN more than usually quiet and deserted was the narrow street. The noon sun glaring down on the town had sent everybody into the shade, and at first

June attracted little attention as he trudged off in the direction of the parade grounds. He knew the way that far, for Toro often took him there to watch the men drill. Soldiers passed him now in twos and threes, looking very smart in their buff uniforms with swords clanking at their sides, and as they passed they laughed and turned to look curiously at the small foreign boy. In fact curious eyes were peering out of many of the open front shops, and mothers were even holding up their babies and pointing to the strange little person who was passing.

Here and there children were dipping water with their hands from pails and sprinkling the dusty street, and when they saw June they paused and gazed open-mouthed, or shouted derisively: "Eijin! Eijin!" The whole world seemed strange and unfriendly, and even the sun tried to see how hot it could glare down on June's bare head.

When he reached the parade ground, he stopped to rest, but no sooner had he sat down than a circle gathered around him, two jinrikisha men, four boys, a girl with a baby on her back and an old fish woman. There was no chatter, they were all too interested to talk, they just stood and looked and looked until June felt that their eyes were pins and that he was the cushion. After a while he turned to one of the men and said: "Do you know where Monsieur Carré lives?"

They looked at each other and smiled. It was much as if a new bird had twittered a strange note, and one boy tried to imitate the sound and repeated "Carré lives?" to the great amusement of the rest.

"Monsieur Carré!" went on June getting angry, "he's a Frenchman. Don't you know where he lives?"

"Where he lives?" mimicked the boy and they laughed more than ever. June was so angry by this time that he could not tell which he wanted most to do, to cry or to fight.

Beyond him was a wilderness of criss-cross streets with strange eyes peering at him from every quarter. What if he should get lost and swallowed up for ever in this strange place where nobody knew him nor loved him nor spoke his language?

Instinctively he looked back toward the way he had come. He had only to retrace his steps past the parade ground, hurry back in a straight line until he came to the big red gate that marked the entrance to the temple, and then turning to the right run breathlessly down the street to the little gate in the wall, and after that to throw himself into Seki's arms and tell her all his troubles!

But what would become of Monsieur? It must be very dreadful to be sick in bed with a guard waiting to arrest you if you did not get some papers for him, papers which you did not have. And if Monsieur was arrested he never would get back to France!

All this flashed through June's mind as he sat under the pine tree, trying with all his might to keep the black eyes all around from seeing that he was about to cry. Just then a soldier passed holding himself very erect and looking neither to the left nor the right. Suddenly June remembered that soldiers did not cry, and with resolution he got up and turning his back to the temple gate and the parade grounds, he continued courageously on his way.

Far in the distance he could see, high on a hill, the old castle which he knew he must pass before he should come to Monsieur's. There were many streets to be passed, and many obstacles to be overcome, for as June got further from home the curiosity concerning him increased. It was very warm and he was tired but he dared not sit down for he dreaded the gaping crowd and the curious eyes. By

and by he came to the old moat which circled the castle, and as the road led out into the country, the boys who had followed him gradually fell back until he realized with joy that there were no more wooden shoes clattering after him.

In the moat big lotus leaves floated on the water and working among them were coolies, naked, except for a loin cloth. They were too busy to take any notice of a strange little boy, so he sat on a rock under a tree for a long time and wondered how it would feel to be down there under the lily pads and the lotus leaves, and if the same hob-goblins and sprites that live under the sea did not sometimes come to play in the moats, and take moonlight rides on the big broad leaves?

The sun which had beaten so fiercely on his head was slowly dropping toward the distant mountain when he started once more on his way, and a long shadow went beside him. The shadow was a great relief for it kept him company without staring at him. By and by even the shadows deserted him and he trudged along the country road following a vague impression that somewhere around the foot of the mountain Monsieur lived.

It was very quiet and lonesome with only the crickets and the frogs talking to each other out there in the grasses, and June's feet were tired and his head ached and he was hungry. A big lump kept lodging in his throat no matter how often he swallowed. Now that the grey twilight was creeping on, all sorts of fears assailed him. Ever since he could remember Seki San had told him of the hob-goblins and gnomes that haunt the woodlands and mountains in Japan. There were the Tengu, half bird and half man, that play all sorts of mischievous pranks on the farmers, there was the "Three-eyed Friar," and the "White Woman" who wanders about in the snow, and worst of all was a bogie with horns, whose legs dwindled away to nothing at all, but whose body was very large and horrible with a long neck twisted like a snake.

As he thought about it his heart began to thump, and he quickened his steps to a run. All the trees seemed to be reaching out clutching hands as he sped by, and the darkness kept creeping closer and closer. The sobs which he had held back so long came faster, and at last breathless and panic-stricken he sank exhausted by the roadside and waited in dumb terror for what might happen.

Looking fearfully around he saw just above him a kind white face peering out of the twi-

light. It was only a stone face, and it belonged to an image that was sitting cross-legged on a mossy stone, but it was like a friend to June. Of all the gods and goddesses that Seki San had told him about, the one he knew best was Jizo, the friend of little children. The drooping figure, the gentle face, and the shaven head had become as familiar to him as the pictures of Santa Claus at home. He had met him in the temples, in the woods, on the river road, in big stone statues and little wooden ones, and now when he found him here in this lonesome night world, he felt a vague sense of relief and protection.

Climbing up on the stone he fingered the pebbles that filled Jizo's lap, and touched the red cotton bib that was tied about his neck. He knew what it all meant for Seki San had told him many times. Jizo was the guardian of dead children, and the red bib and the pebbles had been placed there by mothers who wanted the kind god to look after their little babies who had passed away into another world. There were hundreds of pebbles about the statue, in its lap, about its hands and feet, and even on its bald head, and June was very careful not to disturb any of them. He wished he had something to give the good god, but he was too tired to go down and look for a pebble. He searched through his pockets but nothing seemed to suit. Finally he separated one object from the rest, and placed it gently in Jizo's upturned hand. It was the old sword hilt that Monsieur had given him.

Then, because he was very sleepy and tired, and because he was afraid of the dark, he nestled down in the niche under Jizo's upraised arm, and all the hob-goblins and evil spirits slipped away, and the stars came out and the big white moon, and the monotonous droning of the crickets and frogs seemed to be Seki San humming him to sleep, and the stone figure against which he leaned seemed to sway toward him in the moonlight and the face changed to the gentlest, sweetest one he knew, and instead of the little pebbles on the head there was a crown of thorns.

CHAPTER VIII.

How long June slept there he did not know, but he was wakened by someone shaking his arm and holding a paper lantern close to his face. When he got his eyes open he found that it was a jinrikisha man and that he was talking to him in Japanese.

"Where's Seki?" June asked, looking about him in bewilderment.

The man shook his head and continued to talk excitedly in Japanese.

"I want to go to Monsieur Carré's," said June very loud as if that would help the man understand.

"Wakarimasen," said the man.

"Monsieur Carré!" shouted June and again the man shook his head and said, "Wakarimasen."

Over and over June repeated "Monsieur Carré," and pointed down the moonlit road. Finally in desperation he scrambled from his perch and seizing a stick thrust it under his arm like a crutch, then he humped his shoulders, drew down his brows, and limped along saying with a groan, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" as he had heard Monsieur say it.

In an instant the man clapped his hands and laughed. "Hai, Hai," he said and when the jinrikisha was wheeled about and June was invited to get in, you may be sure he lost no time in doing so. He even forgot to give a goodbye look to Jizo who sat smiling out into the moonlight with the little pebbles on his head.

It was a wonderful ride, through the soft shiny darkness, with only the pitter patter of the kurumaya's sandals to break the silence. June, curled up on the seat, was not thinking of poor Seki San and her anxiety concerning him, neither was he thinking of the mother and father who would soon be coming to him over the sea, nor of Monsieur with the guard at his door. He was wondering if the stars were the moon's children, and who woke the sun up in the morning.

And all the time a light at the foot of the hill was getting closer and closer, and before he knew it, they had stopped at the little brown house where the windows peeped through the vines.

A voice spoke sharply in the darkness and before June could get down a man in uniform with a star on his breast, stopped him. The jinrikisha man seemed to be explaining and the soldier to be asking questions, and while they talked June sat very still with his heart beating furiously against the long envelope in his blouse.

He was just as frightened as he had been back in the woods when the hob-goblins were after him, only it was different. Then he cried and ran away, now he was not thinking of himself at all, but of Monsieur who might have to go to prison and die if he should fail to get the papers to him.

After what seemed to him hours of time, the guard evidently came to the conclusion that a sleepy little boy who had lost his way could do no harm, so he lifted him down and took him up the path.

June was too full of anxiety even to glance at the gold fish as he passed them. He walked straight up the path and into the room where Monsieur lay. On the bed was an old man who looked as if he might have been Monsieur's father; his body seemed to have shrunk to half its size and his face was old and white and drawn. Only the eyes made June know that it was Monsieur himself, and the fierce startled look in them recalled the day he had stumbled over him in the Daimyo's garden.

"I was coming to see you and I got lost," began June, but Monsieur held up a warning hand.

"The guard will inform me in Japanese," he said so coldly that June wondered if he were angry with him.

After a great deal of talk, the guard went away leaving June sitting half asleep on the floor with his head against the bed. In an instant Monsieur was leaning over him shaking his shoulder.

"Tell me!" he demanded, "tell me quickly why did you come?"

June rubbed his eyes and yawned; at first he could not remember, then it began to come back:

"I made the 's's' the wrong way," he murmured, "and when I tried to fix them I spoiled your letter."

"Yes, yes," cried Monsieur, now out of bed and on his knees before the child, "and you tore it up, you destroyed it?"

June shook his head wearily, "it is inside here, but I can't undo the buttons."

Monsieur's hands, bandaged though they were, found the packet and drew it eagerly forth. "Thank God! thank God!" he whispered, pressing the unbroken seal again and again to his lips.

"Did I save your life?" asked June making a mighty effort to rouse himself, and enjoy his reward.

"Not my life, boy; that did not matter; it is my honor you have saved, my honor." And Monsieur lay back upon the bed and sobbed like a little child.

"He's coming!" warned June, and Monsieur had only sufficient time to wipe away his tears from his withered old cheeks before the guard returned with the jinrikisha man.

After a consultation in Japanese, Monsieur said to June, "I have told the man how to take you home. They will be very anxious about you. You must start at once."

"I'm hungry," said June, "I'd like some of those little crackers that you gave me before."

The guard, obligingly following directions, produced a paper bag from the table drawer.



"IT WAS THE OLD SWORD-HILT THAT MONSIEUR HAD GIVEN HIM." (SEE PAGE 415.)

"I wish they were animal crackers," said June, "I like to eat the elephant first, then he gets hungry and I have to eat the bear, then the bear gets hungry and I have to eat the pig, and the pig gets hungry and I have to eat the rabbit until there are n't any left in the bag."

"You have not spoken to any one about the letter?" whispered Monsieur as he pretended to kiss June good-by.

"Course not!" declared June indignantly, "it's a secret!" Then as if remembering a

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lost opportunity he added, "Oh! you could n't tell me a story, could you? Just a teeny weeny one?"

"Not to-night," said Monsieur laughing, "why, it is eleven o'clock now. But to-morrow, next day, always when you come, the stories are waiting, all that my brain and heart can hold."

And with this promise June was bound to be content.

It was hard to believe that the way back was as long as the way he had come, for before he knew it the wall beside the moat appeared by the roadside, then the parade grounds dim and shadowy in the moonlight, then the crowded streets of the town. He did not know that he was the chief cause of the commotion, that for two hours parties of searchers had been hurrying along every road leading out of town, that people were telling where they had seen him last, and that anxious groups were looking over the low wall into the black waters of the moat.

He only knew that from the moment he reached the town a crowd followed his jinrikisha, that his kurumaya could scarcely push his way through the questioning throng, and that at last they stopped and a shout went up, the crowd parted, and through the opening dashed Seki San, her hair hanging limply about her face, her eyes full of joy, and her arms outstretched.

"Oh! My little boy darling!" she cried. "You have gave me many troubles. Where you been, where did you go?"

But June attempted no explanation; the papers were safe with Monsieur and he was safe with Seki San, and whether or not he had done right was too big a problem to wrestle with.

After Seki had fed him and bathed him, and kissed his many bruises to make them well, he put his arms about her and gave her a long, hard hug.

"I am awful sorry I had to run away," he said and Seki's English was not good enough to understand just what he meant.

Long after he was asleep she sat beside him on the floor, crying softly into her sleeve, and holding fast to his hand while she gave thanks not only to her new Christian God but to some of the heathen ones as well for sending him back to her.

CHAPTER IX

LATE in the summer, when the tiny maple leaves were turning blood-red and the white lotus was filling every pond and moat, June

and Seki San journeyed back to Yokohama. They were going to meet the big steamer that was on its way from China to America, and June was to join his mother and father and go back with them to California. He was so

so on until there were scarcely any questions left to be asked.

"One more day," said Seki San sadly, "and Seki will have no more little boy to hold her sleeves behind and tease and tickle her under her necks. She will have a very, very lonely heart."

June's merriment ceased for a moment and he looked serious. The fact that Seki could not go back with him had been a misfortune that he had not yet faced.

"I am going to get my father to come back for you next year," he said at last, "you and Tomi and Toro, and your mamma with the black teeth too. We will have a little Japanese house on the ranch, and Toro can ride my pony."

But Seki shook her head and wiped her eyes.

"You will go back to your dear, affectionate home," she said, "and be big mans when I see you once more. But I will hear your lovinest little boy voice down in my heart alway!"

It was a happy meeting the next day on the steamer when June actually saw his mother, and clung about her neck as if he would never let go again. Then he had to be taken up on the shelter



"LONG AFTER HE WAS ASLEEP SHE SAT BESIDE HIM."

'happy over the prospect that he could not sit still a minute, but kept hopping from one side of the car to the other and asking Seki more questions than she could possibly answer.

"Do you s'pose my mother 'll know me now I've got so fat? Has my father grown any since I saw him? Will he carry a sword? What do you s'pose they will bring me?" and

deck and introduced to a strange, pale man reclining in a steamer chair, who they said was his father. At first it was a dreadful disappointment, and he submitted to being kissed with an effort. But when the man lifted one eye-brow and puckered his mouth into a funny shape, and said "Why, Mr. Skeezecks, you have n't forgotten your old Pard?" a dark



"JUNE WAVED GOOD-BY TO THE FRIENDS BELOW." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

spot seemed suddenly to go out of June's mind and in its place was a memory of the jolliest, funniest playfellow he had ever had in

his life. With a rush he was in his lap. "You used to tell me about the Indians," he cried accusingly, "I remember now. What became

Captain June

of Tiger Tooth and the little white child?"

"We will have just fourteen days to tell stories," said Capt. Royston. "I shall probably be a dumb man by the time we land in San Francisco. You must sit down here now and tell this little mother of yours the story of your life. Where did you get these red cheeks and fat legs?"

And with Seki San sitting on the floor at their feet, and with a frequent hug from mother and many a laugh from father, the story of the summer was told.

When the last launch brought the passengers out from the shore, who should come aboard but Monsieur Carré. He was regularly engaged in Government service at Tokyo now, and when he saw in the paper that Master Robert Rogers Royston, Junior, would join his parents and sail for America on the *S. S. Mongolia*, he made the short trip to Yokohama to say good-by.

He was so dressed up that June scarcely recognized him. His white mustache was waxed until it stood out very straight, and his hair was parted all the way down the back. He still carried a heavy cane and limped when he walked, but his hands, though knotted and gnarled, were free from bandages.

Captain and Mrs. Royston welcomed him cordially as a friend of June's and even Seki San, who still looked upon him with suspicion, was discreetly silent.

"Are you going back to France?" asked June.

"Next year," answered Monsieur. "I will

have made sufficient money to go home, and then! Ah, Mon Dieu! I will never leave it again."

"I will write you a letter," said June, adding slyly, "I'll be sure to make the 's's' turn the right way."

Monsieur put his finger on his lips and June nodded understandingly.

"What secret have you there?" asked Captain Royston.

Monsieur put his hand on June's head, and looking straight in the Captain's eyes, he said:

"Your boy will make a fine soldier; he has courage and honor, and he can keep a secret. I congratulate you!"

Just then a gong sounded and the first officer ordered everybody who was going ashore to hurry. There was general bustle and confusion, June had a vague impression of Monsieur kissing him on both cheeks, and disappearing down the rope ladder, of Seki San kneeling before him while he clung to her neck and begged her not to leave him, then he was sitting on the railing, with Father's arm about him, and Mother holding one hand while with the other June waved good-by to the friends below.

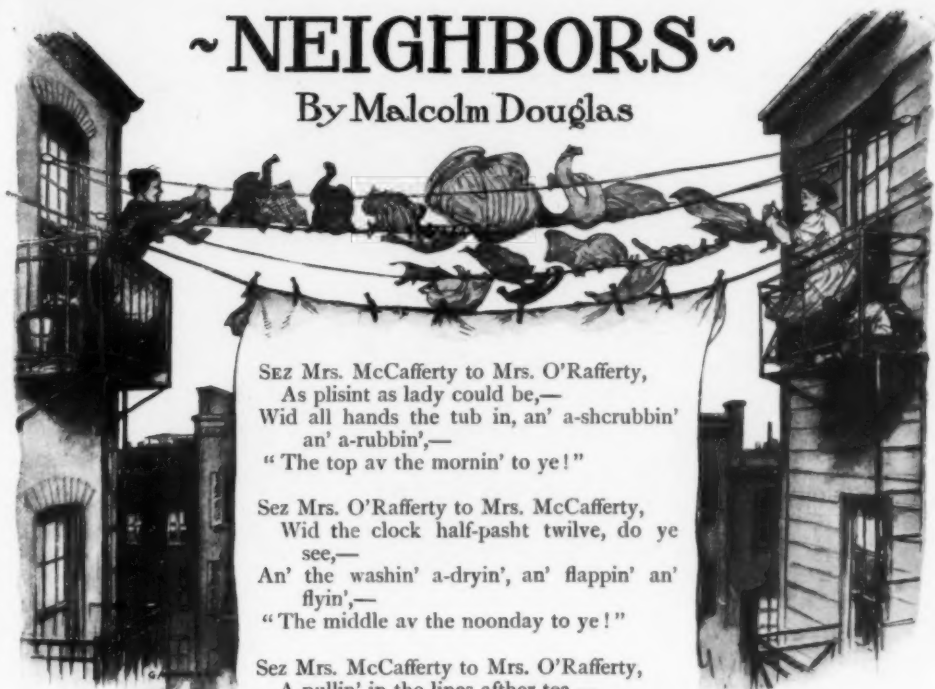
The little launch grew strangely blurred as it danced away over the water. June did not see the crowd on the deck, nor the pilot at the wheel, nor even the white and orange flag that floated from the mast. He was watching the pink rose in Seki's hair growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

"And now," said Father with decision, "I think it's about time to get busy with the Indians."



~NEIGHBORS~

By Malcolm Douglas



Sez Mrs. McCafferty to Mrs. O'Rafferty,
As plisint as lady could be,—
Wid all hands the tub in, an' a-shcrubbin'
an' a-rubbin',—
"The top av the mornin' to ye!"

Sez Mrs. O'Rafferty to Mrs. McCafferty,
Wid the clock half-pasht twilve, do ye
see,—
An' the washin' a-dryin', an' flappin' an'
flyin',—
"The middle av the noonday to ye!"

Sez Mrs. McCafferty to Mrs. O'Rafferty,
A-pullin' in the lines afther tea,—
Wid the shates an' the pilly-cases, an' clo'es-
pins shtuck in their faces,—
"The bottom av the avenin' to ye!"

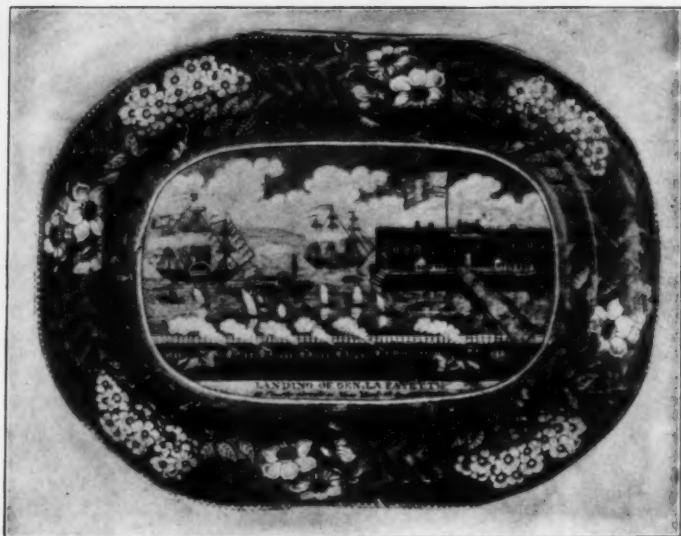
The Blacks

By Elizabeth L. Gould

WHEN Glossy Black and Flossy Black
Are looking at a ball,
And Muffy Black and Fluffy Black
Are playing in the hall;
When Patter Black and Spatter Black
Are loving as can be,

And Fiery Black and Wirey Black
A-quarrelin' you see,
Then Winky Black and Blinky Black
Somewhere asleep you 'll catch—
Now is n't this a family
That 's rather hard to match?





THE "LANDING OF LAFAYETTE" PLATTER.

Old Blue Pottery

By Ada Walker Camehl

MANY a home of this country treasures among its heirlooms a few plates or cups which formed a part of Grandmother's set of dishes in her early housekeeping days. These have been



THE "TOMB OF FRANKLIN" TEAPOT.

rescued by the present generation from the dust of neglected top pantry shelves or attic eaves, whither they had been banished along with other mementos of the past; and they have been hung with pride upon the walls.

We smile with amusement at the quaintly drawn pictures of men and scenery upon them; while we admire the decorative effects of the splashes of rich color which they make. But do we read with understanding minds the stories they tell? Do we understand that upon this common table ware of our ancestors are preserved many of the tales of our early national life, written by the hand of the English potter? The story of these old dishes is full of interest and instruction, for it is interwoven with the history of our grandfathers' efforts to build up a new nation.

With the opening of the 19th century our Colonies were recovering from the effects of the War for Independence. Our forefathers were beginning to enjoy the luxuries of life. The English potters of Staffordshire, with a business foresight worthy of the Yankee himself, conceived the idea of catering to the vanity, as well as to the need, of the young Republic. They sent over artists to obtain sketches of our scenery, our prominent buildings, our men then in the public eye; and the result was a flood of English pottery which poured in upon us, and met with a ready sale.

This pottery is now about one hundred years old—old ladies who say that “these dishes have been in the family two hundred and fifty years,” have not been correctly informed.

The views were etched on copper plates by artists, who went from one pottery to another to do this work, and impressions on paper were taken and preserved and a few may be seen to-day in the Staffordshire country. It is a curious fact that both public and private collections in England are singularly lacking in pottery bearing American views. It was all sent over to the people for whom it was designed.

Rich dark blue was chosen, as the best color and it was a very popular one. The artists who came over here must have traversed the length and breadth of our then-inhabited territory, for we have views of places from Niagara Falls to Charleston. There are a great many of these, and every now and then some uncatalogued design is unearthed from attic chest or ancient chimney corner.

The pieces most highly prized are those bearing portraits of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, General Lafayette, and Benjamin Franklin, pictures of Harvard and Yale Universities, Mount Vernon and the old Battery buildings of New York; while a close second are the Erie Canal dishes, Pittsfield Elm, Boston State House, Landing of the Pil-

The portraits of these quaint, old-time worthies, as pictured on old blue earthenware, are sometimes fearful and wonderful to behold.



THE "ERIE CANAL" PLATE.

The sunny, open countenance of Benjamin Franklin, topped with the familiar fur cap, lends itself better to the potter's art. Or did his long residence abroad make his face more familiar to foreign artists? On many of the Franklin dishes are some of his famous moral maxims, such as—"Fear God; honour your parents," "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee," "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send," "The used key is always bright." On others the philosopher is seen flying his famous kite.

The French Marquis, pictured as mourning at the tomb of Franklin, is a spectacle hardly worthy the dignity of that honored gentleman. The "Landing of Lafayette" design is interesting. Whole dinner sets were printed with this pattern and sent over here to commemorate this last visit of the French hero to our shores. It pictures the landing at the Battery in New York harbor. In the foreground are mounted marshals, then a row of smoking cannon, then a bridge leading to a fort over which floats the flag of the young Republic. On the water are the Chancellor Livingston, the Robert Fulton and the Cadmus, types of the quaint little ships which crossed the Atlantic nearly one hundred years ago, with their tall masts, and their side wheels high up out of the water. Below are the words—"Landing of General Lafayette at Castle Garden, New York, 16th of August,



THE "STATES" PLATE.

grims, Landing of Lafayette, and various other patriotic and historical designs, as well as the celebrated Syntax and Wilkie series.

1824." History tells us that the General was at that time sixty-eight years of age, was far from



THE "PITTSFIELD ELM" PLATE.

handsome or heroic in looks, with his small head, retreating forehead and bad complexion; and he wore "nankeen pantaloons, buff vest," and plain blue coat with covered buttons."

But let us not allow this description to make us forget his many deeds in our behalf, at a time when we sorely needed a helping hand.

When the Erie Canal was begun no one expected to see its completion, and this popular rhyme appeared—

"Oh! A ditch he would dig,
from the lake to the sea,
The eighth of the world's
matchless wonders to be!
Good land! how absurd,
but why should you grin?
It will do to bury the mad
Author in."

When it was finished the Staffordshire potters were ready with their wares to commemorate it. Pitchers and plates bear designs of the entrance at Albany, the canal locks and boats. The plate here pictured is of a medium blue color, with a border of medallions showing boats and locks,

and the following words in the center,— "The grand Erie Canal, a splendid monument of the enterprise and resources of the State of New York, indebted for its early commencement and rapid completion to the active energies, pre-eminent talents, and enlightened policy of DeWitt Clinton, late Governor of the State."

In the year 1820 a banquet was given in Boston to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims. Daniel Webster was present and delivered an address. For this occasion Enoch Wood and Sons made the entire dinner service representing the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the "rock-bound coast" of Plymouth. The scene represents the overcrowded Mayflower approaching a rock upon which stand two welcoming Indians.

The following story is told of the "Pittsfield Elm" design. In the Revolutionary times the minister was an ardent patriot, and, entering the pulpit one day wearing a long coat, his patriotism became too much for him and he threw aside his coat and showed himself in Continental uniform. Calling his congregation outside under the old Elm, he organized the men into a company. A fence



THE "WILLOW PATTERN" PLATTER.

was built around the tree in 1825 to preserve it from use as a hitching-post. The Elm finally died and was made into souvenirs.

The familiar "Willow Pattern" was a prime favorite among English potters and great quantities of the ware found their way to the American market. The original "Willow Pattern" was designed by an English potter to picture a Chinese love story, which runs as follows—

"So she tells me a legend centuries old
Of the Mandarin rich in lands and gold,
Of Li-Chi fair and Chang the good
Who loved each other as lovers should.
How they hid in the gardener's hut awhile,
Then fled away to the beautiful isle.
Though the cruel father pursued them there,
And would have killed the hopeless pair,
But a kindly power, by pity stirred,
Changed each into a beautiful bird.

"Here is the orange tree where they talked,
Here they are running away,
And over all at the top you see
The birds making love alway."

This romantic tale will be read from these plates so long as interest in romance endures.

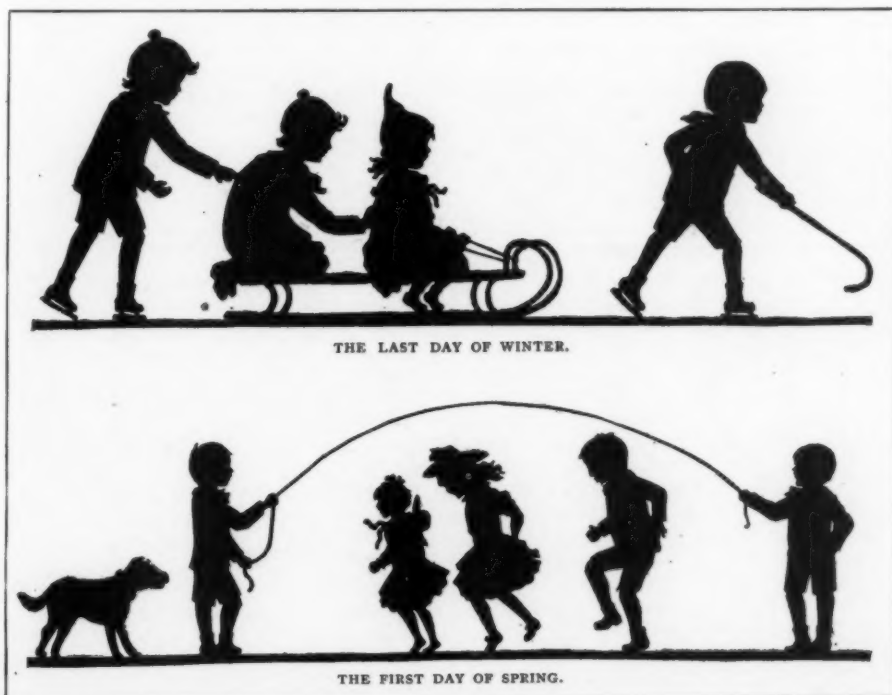
As the years go by, collections of American relics are being made by Historical Societies, and by a rapidly increasing number of individuals, whose hobbies for old things sometimes reach the height of an absorbing passion.

Of Horace Walpole it was said—

"China's the passion of his soul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in his breast,
Inflame with joy, or break his rest."

And the love of old china did not die with Walpole, as many a collector who has chased the beloved "blue" up hill and down dale through the heat of a midsummer's day can testify.

The gathering together of these antique souvenirs is a delight to many. And these old plates will serve to keep alive memories of the past,—of the lives and deeds of our forefathers. A collection of old dishes is not only a collection of pottery—it is a library of history and romance.





KITTY and the MOUSE

By Margaret Johnson

Wee Kitty was eating her cake one day,
And the sugary crumbs were falling,
When a shy little mouse crept out of a
crack,
With his tail so long and his eyes so black,
For he heard those crumbs a-calling!
Then Kitty looked down and the mouse
looked up,
And oh, but they stood a-staring!
For this is the way,—as big as a house,
That Kittykins looked to the shy little
mouse,
With her terrible eyes a-glaring!
And—if we could see as we're seen, my
dears,
It would save us a world of pity!—
For this is the way, with his eyes so black
And his tail so long, alas and alack!
That the little mouse looked to Kitty!

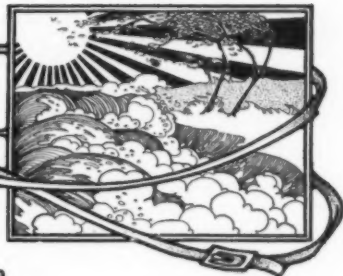
Three very different pictures
from the same set
of dots.





Harnessing the Elements

An Article for High-School Boys and Girls



By George Ethelbert Walsh

A MINING engineer of world-wide reputation was discoursing not long ago on the undeveloped resources of the world, and startled his audience with this bold statement:

"It is not gold, silver, nor copper—no, nor diamonds, either—that will make the great fortunes of the future. I've had a pretty thorough experience in prospecting for precious metals, and I tell you, gentlemen, that it is the hidden power in the air, water, and sunshine that will build up the colossal fortunes of the next few centuries."

At one of the recent meetings of the British Association of Scientists, an eminent engineer predicted that within twenty years the whole civilized world would be placed on an electrical basis. "We will," he said, "heat and light our homes with electricity; travel by it; cook our meals, and manufacture our goods by the same power; navigate the air and water by electric propulsion; and even purify the air we breathe, and cure half the ills we are heir to, by the electric current. And this power will come, not from the coal-pile, but from water, air, and sunshine!"

Lord Kelvin, in speaking of the beauties and the vast energy of Niagara, said its power would be felt all around the world, and in a burst of enthusiasm he added: "But we must not forget our small streams and waterfalls, either. There is but a single Niagara; but there are tens of thousands of small streams and waterfalls capable of turning the wheels of commerce."

Just imagine all the great coal-mines of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Alabama bursting forth in an inextinguishable flame, burning night and day for years and centuries; then add to the conflagration the great oil-fields of Texas, California, and Pennsylvania. We might then get a faint idea, from this waste of coal and oil, of the waste in water-power that is going on continually all around us without so much as attracting our attention.

It is estimated that throughout the world about 2,000,000 electrical horse-power is generated to-day from waterfalls and streams. Over one quarter of this enormous horse-power is generated in the United States, with Canada second and Switzerland third.

What is 2,000,000 horse-power, and what would it represent in coal? At the lowest estimate it would require some 25,000,000 tons of coal to generate 2,000,000 horse-power continuously by the ordinary steam-engine; and allowing \$5 per ton for the cost of coal, this would represent a saving in our coal-bill of \$125,000,000.

THE WORLD'S WATER-POWER NOT IN USE.

BUT the possibilities of our small streams make the dream of the future seem unreal and fantastic. No man has dared even to try to measure or compute the total undeveloped water-power of the world. There are thousands of streams capable of producing from 100 to 50,000 or more horse-power; a few others, like Niagara, the Victoria Falls in South Africa, and innumerable falls of the Mississippi, the Colorado, and the Missouri, with powers in this direction that seem unlimited. What is the utmost strength of Niagara? If every part of the mighty torrent of water was harnessed, it would easily generate sufficient electrical power to do all the work of this country. We could almost belt the globe with horses, and still Niagara would stand a good chance to offset their pulling-strength. But Niagara is no greater than Victoria Falls in the heart of Africa—some say not so great in its unmeasured possibilities.

The value of a stream for power purposes depends upon the *amount* of water flowing, and also upon its "head," that is, the height of its fall, whether in a sudden cataract, or in rushing down a slope; and so the small mountain stream which tumbles noisily down steep slopes and gullies

is often worth more than the broad, sluggish river that flows through low, level stretches of country. On the California coast a great many mountain streams, with little to recommend them otherwise, have been converted into sources of great wealth. The longest distance over which electric energy has been commercially transmitted is from the De Saba power-house in the mountains to the town of Sausalito, opposite San Francisco, a total distance of 232 miles. Two other long-distance lines on the Pacific coast are the Colgate and Oakland transmission lines, 142 miles long, and the Electra, Stockton, San José, and San Francisco lines, 147 miles long. The power to send from 15,000 to 60,000 volts over such distances is derived, not from some great river, but from comparatively unimportant streams.

Imagine a brook, a few feet deep, pouring its waters into a long flume that conducts it 10,000 feet below to a power-house where turbines convert it into power sufficient to operate scores of factories or turn the wheels of a hundred miles of trolley-cars! Each cubic foot of water pouring down this flume would develop over a thousand horse-power per second. Can one think of any gold-, silver-, or diamond-mine yielding more valuable returns than this little insignificant mountain stream? One cubic foot of water per second may equal in energy the total stored energy of many tons of coal.

In large parts of New England, the South, and Middle and Western States there are innumerable small streams of water from 500 to 2000 feet above the sea-level. Each one of these represents commercial possibilities that surpass coal- and iron-mines in value. Any stream of water that has a fall of five feet per mile along its whole course may develop thousands of electrical horse-power.

The annual fall of rain and snow represents a layer of water in this country that would vary from two to five feet in depth. This rainfall must eventually reach the oceans, and its flow downward swells streams and rivers to overflowing. Stored in proper reservoirs this waste rainfall could be converted into electrical power that would banish dirty coal from our homes. Then, when used for turning the turbine-wheels of great electrical power-plants, it could be used also for irrigation, and distributed over wide areas for increasing the fertility of our farms. More than this, electrical pumps, operated by the power which the flow of the water from its reservoirs generated, could distribute the water to new regions

where ordinary irrigation ditches could not conduct it.

In other words, the water could be used twice, first for generating electric power, and second for irrigating our farms. Electricity could be made to light and heat the homes of the city and country population, and run the threshing-machines and reapers of the farmer as well as turn the wheels of the cars and factories.

POWER FROM THE WIND.

As if this was not enough, nature has supplied other available sources of power in the wind and sun. The work of harnessing these two agencies for doing our work, or for heating and lighting our homes, has not progressed so far or satisfactorily as that of subduing the mighty cataract and awakening the little mountain stream.

In point of fact, the use of wind-power for mechanical purposes is older than that of any other. The windmill is one of the most primitive structures. Its origin goes back many centuries. But a windmill for electrical generation is one of the most recent of accomplishments. The first windmill electric plant ever installed in this or any other country was built privately by Dr. Charles F. Brush, the inventor of the arc-lamp, in 1889, at his home in Cleveland, for the purpose of lighting his house and laboratory.

Since this pioneer attempt to harness the wind for generating electricity, important improvements have been made in manufacturing storage batteries and electrical machinery. In Europe commercial windmill electrical plants have been built. One such plant established at Wittkeil, in Schleswig, lights the town, and another windmill plant at Hamburg has been successfully used in running a factory. A windmill electric plant at Boyle Hall, Ardsley, in England, has a capacity for running 110 lights in winter.

The windmill electric plant found a new use in Nansen's polar trips. A complete windmill electric plant was installed on his ship *Fram*, and in the northern latitudes electricity was thus obtained for lighting the ship during the long Arctic nights. In that northern latitude, where coal and other fuels are more precious than gold, the electric windmill is a godsend, and in the future nearly all polar exploring ships will be equipped with this new invention. During the Antarctic explorations of the ship *Discovery* a windmill electric plant,

proved one of the most precious possessions on board.

Out in the great, flat central plains, where streams are sluggish in their movements, and where fuel of all kinds is scarce and high-priced, the electric windmill should have a great future.

If the average wind-power the year round is steady, the operation of windmills is practical for generating electric current.

In the great prairie states, where dry weather in summer often withers up crops within a single week, the wind velocity in summer is constant and high. They are hot, dry winds, but their velocity is sufficient to keep thousands of windmills in steady operation night and day.

Thus the problem of irrigating the farms and supplying them with electrical energy for lighting and other purposes is easily solved. For these hot, dry winds that have in the past proved the greatest enemy to agriculture in the vast corn and wheat belts now become the greatest blessings. They can pump up the water from the underground reservoirs, and after being used for developing electrical energy it is distributed through irrigating ditches for feeding the crops with much-needed moisture.

One windmill electrical plant should irrigate ten acres all through the summer, and a score of these could convert the desert into hundreds of acres of fertile gardens. On the California coast electrical pumps have raised the value of land from a few dollars an acre to \$200 and \$300 per acre. There is room for a million electrical windmill plants in the West, and with their installation there would be secured from the wind a new wealth valued at millions of dollars. The elements of the air are the agencies which perform the work for us, and man simply directs the use of the power as he needs it.

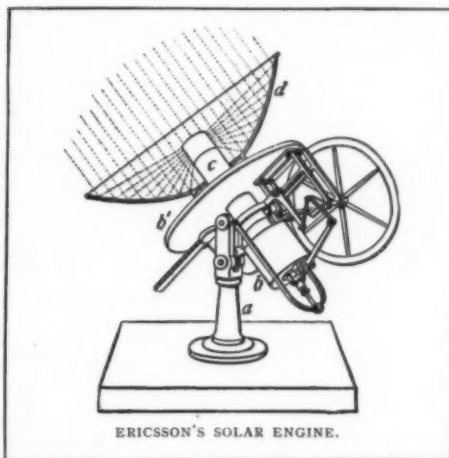
POWER FROM SUNSHINE.

ELECTRIC power from sunlight appears more wonderful than harnessing the streams or wind. Yet we know something of the vast heat of the sun.

Solar engines for operating pumps have been in use in different parts of the earth for several years now, and their value in warm climates where the number of days of clear sunshine averages high must steadily increase. One of the most successful of these solar machines is located near Los Angeles to irrigate fruit-land. An automatic stand carrying great

reflectors follows the course of the sun as regularly as the best telescope ever made, and the sun's rays are thus reflected on a central point where the boiler of a small engine is located. Within an hour after sunrise the heat of the sun raises the temperature of the water to the boiling-point, and thus creates steam; and the pumping machinery begins its day's work and keeps it up until sundown.

The power of the sun for heating has only been faintly appreciated by scientists in the past, but the prediction is made now that if all the coal should give out we would soon be able to run much of our machinery from the



power of the sun. With five hundred mirrors properly arranged to focus the rays upon one point, a temperature of more than a thousand degrees has been obtained. This almost equals one-fifth the highest temperature recorded by the electric furnace, which is considered to-day the most powerful heating apparatus ever discovered. As there is no limit to the number of mirrors that may be employed, and as the intensity of the heat increases in proportion to the number of rays reflected by the mirrors, it is conceivable that a temperature may be obtained in time that will surpass anything ever dreamed of in the past or present.

Hitching the sun to run electric motors for furnishing light and power for our homes and factories is the very latest achievement of the modern work of harnessing the elements to do man's work; and one square yard of sunshine in the tropics may represent, on the average one horse-power.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

HOW PINKEY BROUGHT DISASTER UPON HIMSELF

ONE day in early March Mr. Perkins came home with the news that he and Mrs. Perkins had been appointed two of a committee of twelve to go to Burton, a neighboring town some fifteen miles away, to investigate and report upon the building and fittings of the library at that place. Enterprise was agitating the subject of a library of its own, and as it had nearly enough money, the more enthusiastic were in favor of beginning to work, at least on the plans. When he broached the subject of their going to Mrs. Perkins, the first thing that flashed through the mind of the careful mother took form in the question:

"But what will we do with Pinkey while we are gone? I don't like to leave him here alone in the house."

To her, Pinkey never seemed to grow a day older and she felt that he was just as much in need of her care as he had always been, a view which, needless to say, Pinkey did not share.

"If that boy is n't old enough to spend one night here by himself now, he never will be," replied Mr. Perkins, forcibly, endeavoring to disarm at once all objection on that score.

"Besides," he continued, "what's to hinder that Morris boy from staying with him? They'll be pleased enough, for they always seem contented together."

Mrs. Perkins made one or two more weak objections, just to ease her own conscience, but they were promptly set aside by her husband. Neither cared to miss an excursion that promised to afford such pleasure to all fortunate enough to go.

Mr. Perkins believed in throwing boys on their own responsibility and then holding them strictly to account for their actions. Mrs. Perkins believed, or at least seemed to believe, that boys should be watched over and cared for, and thus kept out of mischief. Her creed could well be summed up in the word "Prevention," that of her husband in the word "Cure."

Needless to say, Pinkey was delighted to

think he was to have the responsibility of "keeping house" alone over night, in company with Bunny of course, and fairly strutted about the house whenever the importance of his charge was mentioned in his presence. Bunny had been consulted and had obtained the coveted permission to "stay all night."

At last the day for his parents' departure arrived and Pinkey watched the preparations for their going with constantly decreasing enthusiasm. Not until then had he realized how lonesome it would be in the big house without either of them. But he kept this gradual oozing of his spirits to himself as well as he could, not caring to mar the pleasure of their holiday by any concern for him.

A heavy late-season snow had fallen during the night, adding to the already generous quantity which had lain on the ground for weeks, and Pinkey was accorded the honor of hitching "Old Polly" to the sleigh and driving his father and mother to the railroad station in time for the train. This important duty revived his drooping spirits somewhat, and with the thoughts of an extended swing about town before returning "Old Polly" to the stable, he kept up appearances pretty well. But he experienced a few gulps of loneliness when the conductor called out "All aboard" and his parents disappeared within the car to wave their farewells through the windows as the train pulled out.

To the numerous cautions and warnings which had occurred to his mother at the last moment, Pinkey had lent a heedful and attentive ear and he started homeward with the feeling that if he complied with all instructions and heeded all warnings, he must keep to the straight and narrow path indeed.

He drove by Bunny's house and in answer to his signal whistle Bunny came out and joined him in the sleigh to enjoy a brief ride before school-time. The depression due to the departure of his parents had about disappeared and he was alert to all the pleasures of the ride they were having.

When Old Polly had been safely re-

turned to her stall and amply supplied with hay for her afternoon's munching. Pinkey and Bunny started through the yard en route for school. As they ploughed through the deep snow which still covered the walks around the house, a bright thought struck Pinkey. He would surprise his parents on their return by having the walks all nicely cleaned off. Surely that would show them that their confidence in him had not been misplaced.

"I'll tell you what let's do, Bunny," he said as soon as he had conceived the idea,



PINKEY WAVING GOOD-BY TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

"just as soon as school's out, let's get a lot of the fellows and come down here and clean off these walks and surprise father and mother when they get back."

"That'll be fine for you, Pinkey," replied Bunny thoughtfully, "but what if the other fellows have walks of their own to clean off?"

"Oh well, they've got theirs all cleaned off by now, most likely. Ours would be, only father did n't have time to hunt up 'Liberty Jim' this morning to get him to do it."

"I think 't would be fun," assured Bunny, "and I'd like to help surprise them. I guess the other fellows ought to be glad to help too, when you think of the times you've taken them riding behind Old Polly."

"Yes, and we've got a lot of dandy apples

in the cellar that we can eat while we're working. Father would n't mind that, I know, 'cause he'd pay Jim more than the apples cost, if he was to get him to come and do it."

Pinkey had a way of creating enthusiasm among his fellows in any scheme which he proposed.

When he called his companions about him during recess and told them of his desire to surprise his parents and how he had planned doing it, he was so jubilant over the idea and painted such a tempting picture of the fun they would have that without one dissenting voice they all agreed to hurry home and get brooms and shovels and join in the snow cleaning as soon as school should be dismissed.

The day happened to be Friday, and it was the custom to dismiss school half an hour earlier on that day, so the boys would have ample time for their fun before dark. But in order that no time should be lost, Pinkey set about organizing his forces as soon as they had left the schoolroom.

"Bunny," he said, when all those he had invited to take part had gathered about him, "you and Joe and 'Speck' and 'Shorty' will get shovels and the rest of you will get brooms and all meet down at my house as soon as you can."

When Pinkey had thus delivered his instructions and had aroused a spirit of rivalry among his helpers as to who should be the first to report for duty, he set off homeward to await their arrival.

"Speck" Nelson was the first to put in an appearance, being especially desirous of earning Pinkey's approval. He was the most recent addition to Pinkey's adherents, his family having lately moved in from the country in order that he and his two sisters might have the benefit of the Enterprise Public Schools. "Speck" had been so nicknamed immediately on his arrival at school, on account of the generous assortment of freckles which adorned his countenance, and since that day he had known no other name among the boys.

Not far behind him came Shorty Piper, a close second, and then came several together, each armed with shovel or broom as Pinkey had directed.

It was a jolly party, and every one worked like beavers. Pinkey passed the apples generously and offered the especially large ones as prizes for those who should clear off a certain amount of walk in the shortest time.

"Tell you what let's do," said Bunny

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

straightening up to rest his back, "let's make a big pile here and then climb up on the porch and jump off into it."

"That's what," chimed in Joe, "that'll be more fun than anything."

"And I'll give three apples to the one who jumps the farthest," added Pinkey, by way of encouraging the idea.

In accordance with Bunny's proposition, a large pile of snow steadily grew and grew beside the walk at the corner of the porch until it was higher than the head of any boy in the crowd. When the job was finally completed and the walks were all swept clean from front gate to stable, Pinkey and Shorty went to the woodshed and got the ladder, brought it up, and leaned it against the porch.

Pinkey was the first to ascend, and was quickly followed by all the others, each in his turn jumping high in the air and landing in the pile of snow.

After this sport had grown somewhat monotonous, Pinkey decided that he would do something more daring, something really worth while.

"I'll give you fellows something to do, if any of you dare do it," he shouted, and climbed from the porch to the roof of his own bedroom, which was still a few feet higher. The roof was nearly level, being made of tin, and was thus very easy to walk on. It was also covered with several inches of snow.

"Just get up here and jump off," he taunted, "this is a jump that *is* a jump."

With that remark made to urge his companions to do likewise, Pinkey stepped back a few paces, ran to the edge of the roof and with a shout, leaped off into the pile of snow.

"Gee! but I'd catch it if I was to walk on a tin roof at my house," ventured Joe, a shudder passing through his frame as he thought of what had happened once when he did so.

"Oh," replied Pinkey, "there's so much snow on the roof you could n't hurt it."

"I'm gettin' wet, bein' in the snow so much, and I don't believe I'll jump any more," said Joe by way of excusing his reluctance to make such a high jump.

"I'd try it but I might hurt my sore foot again," said Putty Black, limping a few steps for the first time. "I hurt it a little when I jumped last time."

"Aw, what's the use of being afraid," boasted Speck, approaching the ladder, "come and do it. Just watch me take a jump!"

"That's what I say," volunteered Bunny, following Speck's example.

They climbed to the tin roof and repeated Pinkey's feat of jumping, though neither could jump quite as far as he had. They jumped not once, but several times, but none of their remarks reflecting on the courage of the others could tempt them to change their minds.

By this time it was growing dusk, and all the boys except Bunny decided that it was time to go home. Pinkey generously invited any who could do so to remain and take supper with him and Bunny, but none were free to accept the alluring invitation. So after filling their pockets with the remainder of the apples and extracting from Pinkey a promise to take them all a-riding on their hand-sleds behind Old Polly the next day, they departed for home.

Pinkey and Bunny had supper together, Emma, the maid, taking good care that they should want for none of the dishes that Pinkey especially liked. As soon as the meal was over and her evening work was finished, she went home for the night, as was her custom, leaving the two boys alone in the house.

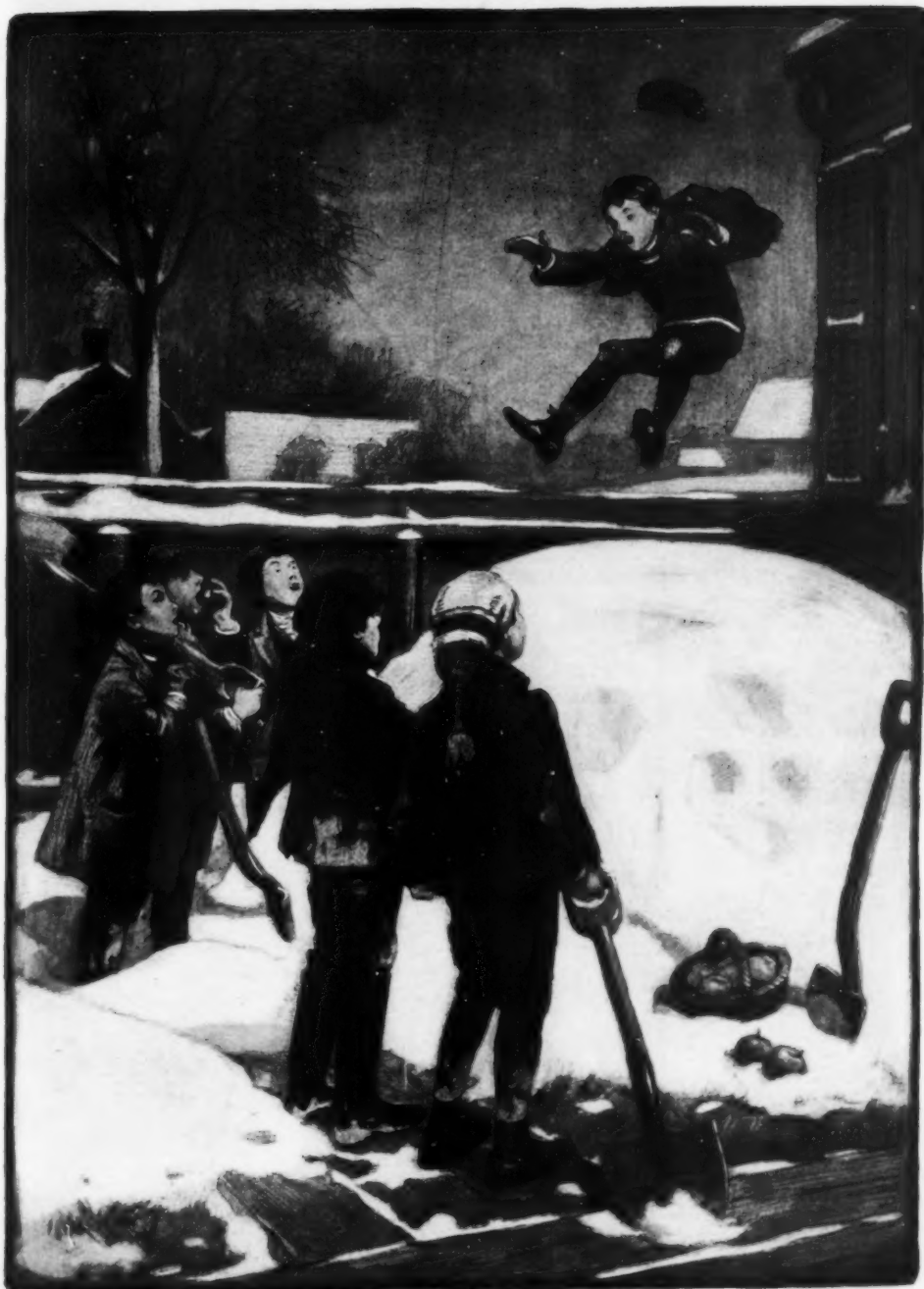
They spent the entire evening in Pinkey's workshop, taking turns making the scroll-saw hum and turning out wonderful examples of wall brackets, picture frames and easels and putting them together.

Bedtime came all too soon, and in spite of his own inclinations in the matter, Pinkey decided that they must stop and go to bed. He had promised not to stay up late, and therefore he must not. Had his mother failed to mention that point in her instructions, he would have felt at liberty to stay up an hour or solonger. So about ten o'clock they went to bed.

As might have been expected at that time of the year, the weather had turned suddenly warmer in the evening, and it was this change, coupled with the effect of the afternoon's fun on the tin roof that was responsible for the danger lurking above their unconscious heads.

With the rise in temperature came a general thawing of the snow outside, and as the water formed by that on the roof sought its way to the gutters and drain pipes, ill-luck took a hand in the matter and directed a small part of it toward a break in the seam between two sheets of the tin roof of Pinkey's bedroom, which break had been caused by the ceaseless tramping over it during the afternoon.

Slowly but steadily, the small stream of water found its way through the break in the tin and trickled down on the plastering above the boys' bed. Gradually it soaked through the



"EACH IN HIS TURN JUMPING HIGH IN THE AIR AND LANDING IN THE
PILE OF SNOW."

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plastering, spreading as it did so and loosening the paper on the ceiling. As the paper became moist, it expanded and as it expanded and sagged down the space between it and the ceiling became filled with ice water.

Entirely innocent of the catastrophe awaiting them, Pinkey and Bunny slept peacefully on while the wall-paper above them sagged, lower and lower. At last it could stretch no more; its limit was reached, but that limit was sufficient to hold about two bucketfuls of freezing cold water. Suddenly the paper burst with a dull tearing sound and down came the frigid deluge squarely on top of the sleeping boys.

The shock which Pinkey and Bunny experienced can scarcely be imagined. Each uttered a piercing yell and unconsciously struggled to free himself from the covering of bedclothes. Instantly the water rushed beneath the blankets, completely soaking both boys from head to foot and making the bed a miniature pond of ice water.

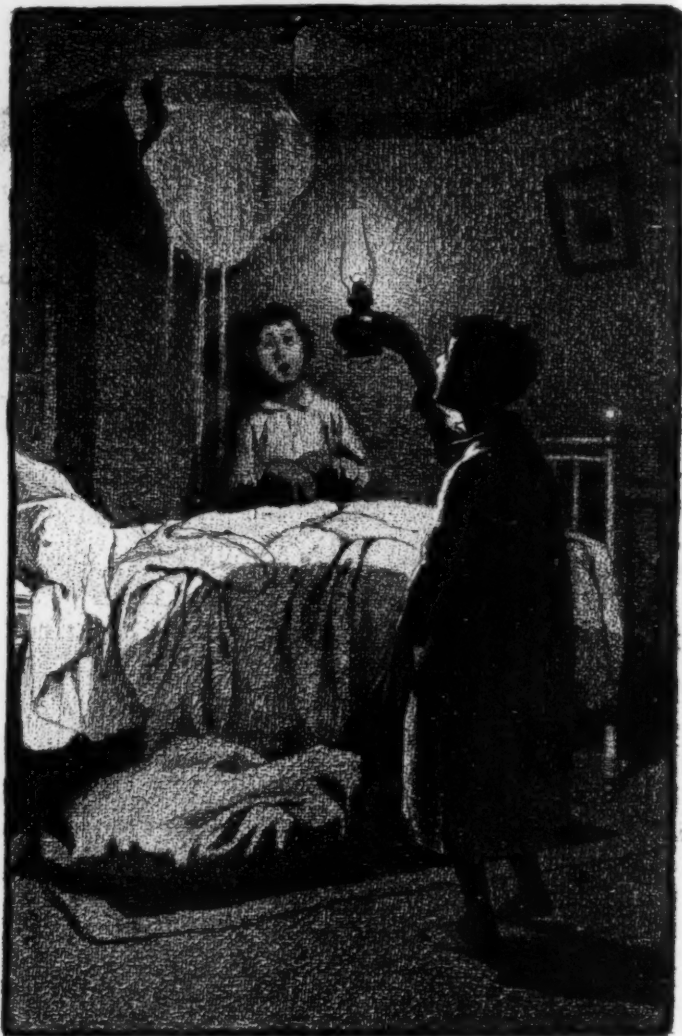
"What d' you think you're trying to do anyway," shrieked Pinkey, as soon as he could get his breath, at the same time freeing himself from the entangling mass of covers about him.

"What're you tryin' drown me for," retorted Bunny, climbing out of bed over the footboard, "nice way to treat a fellow when he comes over to stay all night with you."

Thus accusing each other of playing a mean trick, the boys began a search for matches.

The room was chilly and in their scant clothing, drenched to the skin, it seemed that they had never been so cold in their lives.

After a while Pinkey found a box of



"THEY CAST THEIR EYES UPWARD AND THERE THEY SAW THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY."

matches but he was shivering so that he could hardly light the lamp. When he had finally done so, he looked at Bunny and Bunny looked at him. They were sorry sights and neither could see any humor in the situation.

They both cast their eyes upward and there

they saw the solution to the mystery. The three dripping corners of wall paper, hanging over the bed, told the story of what had befallen them.

"What did it?" inquired Bunny, sadly.

"Water did it, what d'you s'pose," answered Pinkey.

"Yes, but how did it get there, does the roof leak?"

"Never did leak before, but it seems to now."

The steady drip, drip from the eaves to the ground told them that the snow outside was melting rapidly, and Bunny made bold to mention the fact.

"It's thawing, Pinkey," he said, "and d'you s'pose our tramping around up there this afternoon had anything to do with making the roof leak?"

Pinkey thought for a minute over the possibilities which Bunny's suggestion brought to mind, and then he said:—

"I'm not s'posing anything right now; I'm going to get some dry clothes," and without further comment he turned to his bureau and took therefrom enough articles to furnish both himself and Bunny with dry clothing. He was not in any mood to discuss the wetting he had received nor to converse about the probable cause of it.

The boys went to another room, and while Bunny held the lamp, Pinkey got some dry blankets. Pinkey had intended to suggest sleeping there, but some strange noises caused all such thoughts to leave his mind and together the boys returned to Pinkey's room, each experiencing a sense of relief as they closed and locked the door behind them.

The remainder of the night passed slowly and none too comfortably. Bunny curled himself up on a sofa in the corner and Pinkey tried to make the best of it in a big rocking chair. Before long, however, both grew chilly and got up and dressed themselves fully and waited for morning to come. They slept a little more, but very little, and when it began to grow daylight, all effort toward further sleep was abandoned.

When Emma came in time to get breakfast she found both boys up and awaiting her. To her questions as to why they had risen so early, they gave indefinite replies, neither caring to have her laugh at the experience which to them was anything but funny. Bunny

helped Pinkey do his chores but neither cared to touch on the subject of their mishap, except very lightly. Both knew that it was their running over the roof that had caused all the trouble and as Pinkey was entirely to blame for suggesting it, Bunny knew him well enough not to remind him of that fact.

After breakfast, Bunny went home and as soon as he was gone Pinkey climbed up on the roof again and removed the snow which remained, thus putting a stop to the leaking which had continued until that time.

Before train-time, Pinkey hitched Old Polly to the sleigh and went to meet his parents, stopping on the way to engage a tinner to come and repair the leak in the roof. He still had most of the hundred dollars which he had received the previous winter as a reward for finding the stolen gold and out of this he intended to pay for the tinner's services.

He met his father and mother at the station, and was complimented for his thoughtfulness. When they arrived home they were surprised to find how nicely the walks had been cleaned off, and hopes of forgiveness for the trouble the clean walks had caused began to rise in Pinkey's breast.

Mr. Perkins went to his office before the tinner came and as soon as he had gone, Pinkey made a complete confession to his mother concerning the events which had brought about the untidy condition of his room.

She could not find heart to scold him, except mildly, when she realized how badly he had fared already, but Pinkey did not feel so sure that his father would take such a generous view of the matter.

When Mr. Perkins came home to dinner, he was surprised to see the tinner at work on the roof and lost no time in inquiring the necessity for his presence. When he had heard the story from Pinkey, with occasional remarks from Mrs. Perkins which were offered by way of excuses for her son, he was inclined at first to be rather severe in spite of the disastrous outcome for Pinkey. But on considering how completely his son had been punished already by his night's experience and that he had done all that could possibly be done to remedy matters, he decided that any harshness on his part would add nothing to a lesson already so dearly learned.

Jimmy the Ghost

(A Story of the Plains)

By Dorothy Jenks

"FATHER, how did Jimmy the Ghost get his name?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," said the Colonel. And this is the story he told—of a strange adventure.

One night, last December, I sent Jimmy on

are roaming about between us and Captain Little. Let me know if you see any."

He took the papers, tucked them in his boots and rode out into the storm.

He rode along at a brisk trot, following the trail, and wondering what he should do when it became covered with snow.

He had been riding for about an hour when he suddenly noticed, through the falling snow, a dark mass on the horizon. It seemed to be moving slowly in his direction. At first he thought it was a herd of buffaloes, but as it came nearer he saw it was a party either of Indians or white men.

What could he do if it proved to be Indians? He would be taken prisoner and the valuable despatches would be lost, to say nothing of his life. He glanced about for a place to hide, but there was nothing except snow for miles and miles.

He soon came to a snow-drift and dismounting crouched down behind it. The well-trained horse at the word of command lay down beside him.

Jimmy unbuttoned his cavalry cloak and threw it over the horse, so that in case they should have to stay there long the animal would not freeze.

Sheltered from the piercing wind and from the driving snow Jimmy for the first time that night was warm. He was not to be left long undisturbed, for soon above the howling of the wind he heard, drawing nearer, Indian voices. His danger at once became so imminent that he lay on the snow motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. The voices grew louder and louder until Jimmy could hear everything they said. The snow was



"HE TOOK THE PAPERS, TUCKED THEM IN HIS BOOTS, AND RODE OUT INTO THE STORM."

horseback to carry despatches to Captain Little. It was snowing hard and the wind was blowing.

Just as he was starting out I said to him: "Jimmy, I have had reports from the scouts that some bands of Indians under Red Horse

the wind he heard, drawing nearer, Indian voices. His danger at once became so imminent that he lay on the snow motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. The voices grew louder and louder until Jimmy could hear everything they said. The snow was

very damp and packed easily. He took out his long knife and pushed the handle through the snow-drift to the other side, making a little hole through which he could see the Indians without being seen by them.

At the head of the line rode the Indian chief. He was almost a hundred years old, but he was more erect than any of his tribe. In spite of this Jimmy could see he was suffering intensely from the cold and exposure. When the head of the column was just opposite Jimmy it halted, and the Indians began an earnest consultation as to whether they should go on to their new camp or return to the one they had left that day. Some were afraid their chief would die before they could reach their destination, for the new camp was still many miles distant. The others said that if they went back the White Chief and his soldiers would attack them unprepared and encumbered with baggage, squaws and children. This last argument seemed most forcible, as the Indians would prefer the death of their chief to the total annihilation of their tribe, which might be the result of an attack now. So the whole column moved slowly forward.

Jimmy then mounted and rode on. It had grown so dark that Jimmy took out his compass, but it slipped from his fingers and fell into the snow. He got down from his horse and searched for it painstakingly, but in vain!

He was lost on the great plains of North Dakota, in the midst of a terrible snow-storm, with hostile Indians not far away. He remounted and rode forward, trusting to his horse's sense of direction to lead him to Captain Little's camp or home.

He had not gone far when he perceived a dark line of tents. They appeared so suddenly from behind a large divide that he was much startled.

After walking a little nearer, he saw it was an Indian encampment. Unless he could find shelter from the snow before night, he and the horse would surely perish. The camp was in all probability the one which the Indians had deserted, and so without further delay he went toward the camp. He found it empty, and chose the largest tepee for himself, putting the horse into the next one. He lit a match and cautiously entered. There were a few buffalo robes at one side, a hard dirt floor and some broken pottery. A huge, hideous-looking mask hung on the wall. Jimmy was very tired, so he rolled himself in the buffalo robes and immediately fell asleep.

After he had slept for about an hour he became conscious of a confused murmuring, at what seemed some distance. The snow was frozen on top and Jimmy heard the crunching of it as the thin crust was broken by many feet. He lay down and quickly drew the skins over him.

Finally the crunching ceased, and then a wild dirge, half chanted, half sung, broke in upon the strange silence. The voices of the savages, harsh and weird, arose upon the still night air. After the song and echoes had died away there was a moment's pause. Then Jimmy heard footsteps coming nearer, nearer, nearer. Then the flap of the tepee opened, and two Indians entered with the body of the old chief, who had indeed perished in the biting cold. They deposited their burden on the ground and stood a moment muttering a petition to the Great Spirit . . . and then withdrew.

Jimmy crept out from his blankets and examined the dead chief. He was wrapped in a blanket ornamented with beads; his hands folded on his breast, his fine features calm and fixed.

In a few minutes one of the Indians returned and peered into the chief's tepee, but the next moment he started back with the cry:

"Mani'ye Itive—Wanagh" (he walks, he comes, he comes, his spirit), and rushed headlong into his tent.

The cry alarmed the camp, and the Indians came pouring out of their wigwams. They saw standing in the door of the tent what they took to be the ghost of their chief, wearing a huge, hideous mask!

While they were standing open-mouthed with wonder and superstitious fear, the figure spoke:

"Wanma Yanko yo, Wagile miye Wanagh" (look at me, I am returned, I am the spirit).

"Hoshi hi" (he has come with a message), murmured the crowd of Indians. "He Tuwe' ÷ha" (who can it be?).

"Is it an evil spirit?" they said.

One of the Indians ran for the Pipe of Peace, which it is their custom to offer any one whom they think guilty of a crime. If the suspected person accepts it he is declared innocent, because they believe he would not dare to accept it if guilty. The Indian soon came back with the pipe.

One of the boldest of them took it from him, and advanced toward the figure, holding it out at some length, saying: "Waku' Chan-ompa" (I give him the pipe). The apparition

Jimmy the Ghost

stood motionless. There was a moment's silence.

"It is an evil spirit," cried the Indians. "We cannot stay in a haunted camp."

They scattered to their wigwams, shouting: "Wahken Wanagh" (mysterious ghost).



"ONE OF THE BOLDEST OF THE INDIANS ADVANCED TOWARD THE FIGURE HOLDING OUT THE PIPE OF PEACE."

They hastily packed up their few belongings and deserted the camp crying: "Wahken Wanagh—Wahken Wanagh."

CAPTAIN LITTLE's camp was wrapped in slumber. The sentinel pacing his lonely beat was the only one awake. The captain had taken off all the guards but this one, because of the deep mass of snow and the intense cold.

As the man walked to and fro, he saw at first nothing but a vast expanse of snow and the vault of black sky which rose above it. But after one or two rounds he thought he saw a dark speck at a great distance.

At the next round it was bigger and he could see that it was coming toward him rapidly. He became alarmed.

He went to the captain's tent, awoke him, and told him what he had seen.

Little hurried out, spy-glass in hand. The figure was now in plain view and they could see it was on horseback. It looked exactly like an Indian except that it had an enormous head, about four times as large as usual.

"Well! What! Why! Just look! Of all strange things! He has taken his head off!" said the captain, the next minute, astonished in spite of himself.

Little handed the glass around and each one saw what seemed to be an Indian riding at full speed, holding the enormous head in his hand, and waving it with all his might.

As the horseman, if so it was, drew nearer they could see he had also a head of ordinary size on his shoulders. Then they saw him throw off the large Indian blanket which he wore, and he appeared in the dress of a white scout. Then the captain said:

"Why, it is Colonel Bale's scout, who is bringing despatches."

The officers stood anxiously awaiting the scout's arrival.

Jimmy, for it was he, rode up a few minutes later, delivered the despatches, and then in answer to numerous eager inquiries told officers and men of his escape from the Indian camp.

And from that day to this, he has been called "Jimmy the Ghost."

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

THIRD PAPER—"SPOOL PLAYTHINGS"

BY LINA BEARD

"EMPTY" spools which are of no use to "grown-ups" and are generally thrown away contain great possibilities in the way of amusement for children. You can show the little ones how to build up the spools in various ways and how to make charming little toys of them. It is all so simple and interesting that your enthusiasm will increase as you experiment, leading you on from one thing to another, until you find yourself enjoying the sport almost as much as the children themselves. For

instance, quite an imposing suspension bridge can be built with spools, as is here pictured.

A SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Figure 1 shows that the piers can be built to a good height and be solid and substantial. All that is necessary for the work is a lot of spools (they need not all be "empty") and some pieces of pasteboard box.

Stand three large-sized spools together

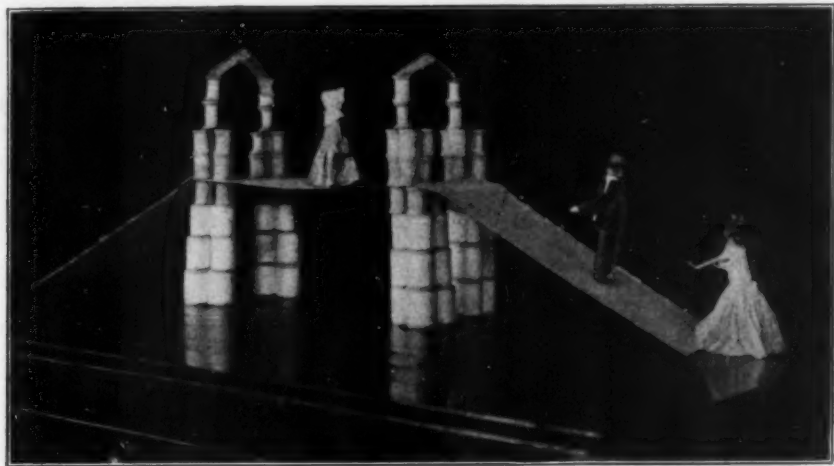


FIG. 1. THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

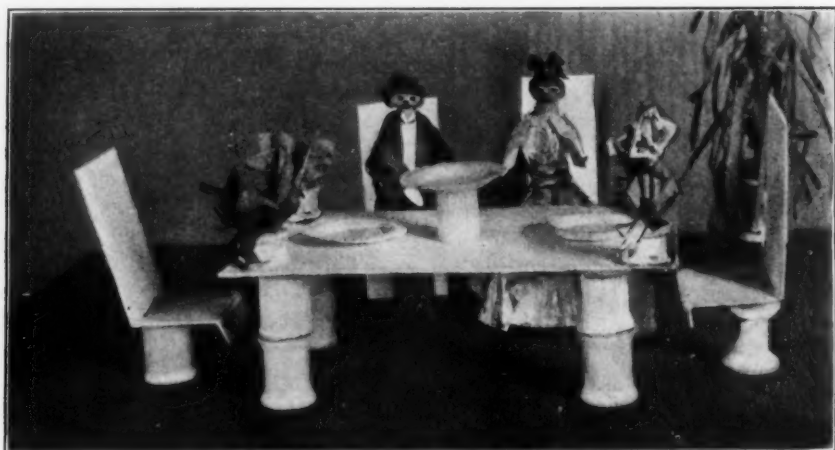


FIG. 2. THE DINING TABLE.

forming a triangle with the point turned to face the opposite pier. This group of three spools is the foundation of one of the two columns which together form one pier of the bridge.

About two inches distant and on a line with the triangle of spools, stand a group of three more spools, and build up each group into a column four spools high. Figure 1 shows

how the column should look. You will need two more columns for the opposite pier of the bridge; build them as you did the first, and place the second pier exactly opposite to and as far from the first as you desire the span should reach; say about fourteen inches.

Lay a strip of pasteboard about six inches wide across from pier to pier, allowing the ends



FIG. 3. THE TREE GARDEN.

to rest on the piers, but not extend beyond the outside end edges of the piers; then if your span is fourteen inches long, cut from a pasteboard box two more strips fourteen inches long and of the same width as the span; score each strip across one end, one inch from the edge, bend slightly and fit the bent edge of each strip on one end of the bridge, allowing the other end of the strip to extend away from the pier and rest down on the floor, forming an incline approach to the bridge proper as in Fig. 1. When your pasteboard strips are well settled in place, continue building up the piers on top of the pasteboard, making each group of three spools two layers high; then build up one spool two layers high

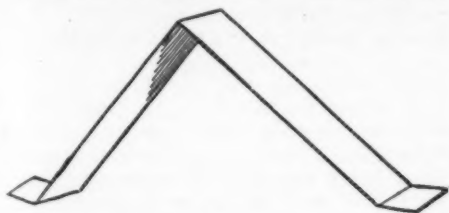


FIG. 4.

on top of each of the four columns.

Complete the archway by spanning the two columns of each pier with a narrow strip of stiff white paper bent up into a point at the center and out into a flap at each end (Fig. 4). The flaps rest on top of the spools. The photograph shows how the entire bridge should look, and in the photograph the children will find their old friend, the little lady from the clothes-pin log-house, who is hurrying across the bridge on her way home from the pasteboard-box grocery store, and following in her wake come Mr. Clothespin, the chauffeur, and Mrs. Clothespin, the storekeeper. A paper boat, under the bridge would make the scene more realistic.

A DINING TABLE.

With eight spools and a piece of pasteboard cut from a box you can help the children make a fine dining table; the legs of the table are four columns of two spools each, as you see in Fig. 2, and the chairs are made of spools with bent pieces of cardboard pasted on top. The decorations of the table are small spools with bright tissue paper for flowers arranged at the four corners of the table. The automobile man and the

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grocery store keeper, having crossed the bridge and arrived home, have taken their places at the table and are ready for their dinner to be served.

A TREE GARDEN.

Our next photograph shows the cheerful, sunshiny garden where flowers and trees of



FIG. 5.

paper and spools form the little park where the clothes-pin people go for recreation.

The trees are easy to make and are very effective; they are simply strips of paper rolled like a paper-lighter with the large ends stuck into spools. Cut a strip of green tissue paper fifteen inches long and five wide; then cut one third of the strip narrow, about one inch wide, and fringe the remaining two thirds (Fig. 5). With the thumb and first finger of your right hand begin to roll the corner as shown at A (Fig. 5). Continue rolling and the fringe, which forms the foliage, will stand out on the outside of the rolled part or trunk of the tree. When you reach



FIG. 6.

the solid narrow part of the paper strip, it will roll into a smooth, round stick, forming the lower part of the tree trunk. Paste the last wrapped corner of the paper roll in place and clip the tree-trunk off even across the bottom edge; then press it into the hole in the center of an empty spool of ordinary size, and there 's your tree! You can vary the foliage by crimping the fringe with knife or scissors before the strip is rolled into a tree and by having the fringe of some much longer than that of others. If you use different tones, tints, and shades of green, running from very light to dark, and make a lot of them varying in height, the trees will look very pretty and they can form a jungle where the children may place their

"Spool Playthings"

toy wild animals; or the trees might be a playground or a grove where dolls can go for a picnic.

Newspaper will do for trees if you have no tissue paper, but the colored trees are prettiest and make a variety.

In the photograph of the group of trees you will see a number of pots of flowers. The flowers are disks and squares of different bright-colored tissue paper, each one with its center pinched together and twisted into a stem-like piece (Fig. 6) which is pushed down into a buttonhole twist spool. Around some of the bushes a smaller square of green may be used for foliage.

The children could make an extensive

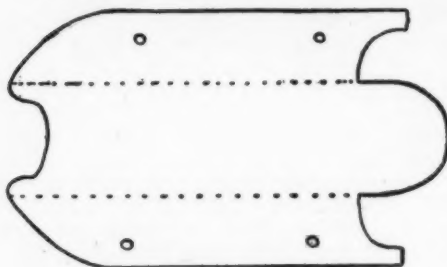


FIG. 7. OUTLINE OF THE ROLLING SLED.

flower garden by using a great number of these short, flat spools and bits of gay tissue paper, and they will delight in arranging and rearranging the pretty toys.



A ROLLING SLED.

MAKE a sled of the shape of (Fig. 7) of stiff cardboard—the lid of a pasteboard box will do—cut it out and pierce two small holes on each of the sides at the spots indicated on



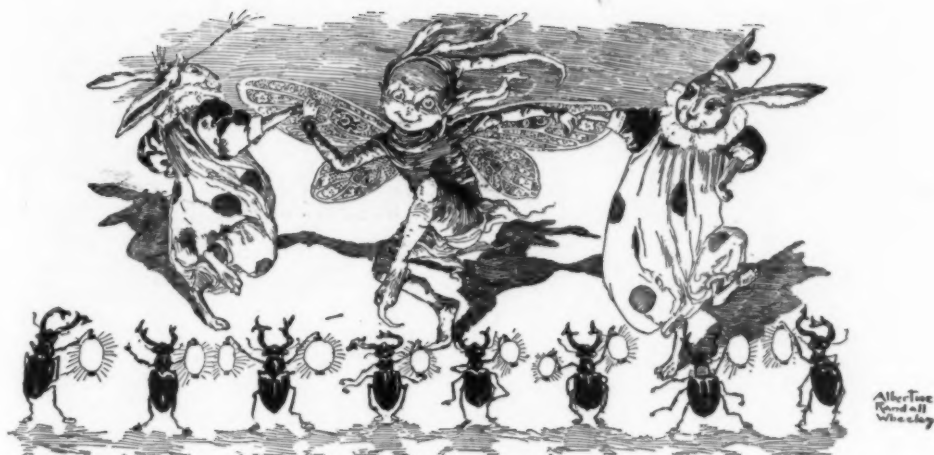
FIG. 8. THE ROLLING SLED.

Fig. 6; then insert two empty spools under the top of the sled between the holes corresponding on the two sides of the sled. Run wooden toothpicks or slender sticks through holes and spool, allowing the toothpick to project outside on each side of the sled. As caps to hold the toothpicks in place, slide a small button-mold over each end of both toothpicks. If the hole in the mold is rather large, fill it with glue or strong paste, then slide it on the stick. Allow the glue to dry before experimenting with the sled. When perfectly dry the little sled will be strong and serviceable, and will go with great speed down the incline of the bridge and half way across the room, if the bridge is on the floor. The dotted line on Fig. 8 shows just where the ends of the spools come on the inside of the bent-down sides of the sled.

A Kindergarten Orator

By Julia H. May

I WOULD like to speak,
But I don't know how;
So I'll stop right here,
And make my bow.



A VAUDEVILLE PERFORMANCE IN FAIRY-LAND.

“Will They Dare”

(See Frontispiece)

By F. S.

TO-DAY the sheep dog is a permanent fixture in the western states. He has shown himself to be almost as necessary to the development of this portion of our country, as the cow pony has proved to be during the last forty or fifty years.

Night and day, in summer heat and in winter's cold, the sheep dog is on duty,—the guardian and champion of his charges. Big and staunch of build, well furred to withstand cold and rain, with an especially heavy collar of woolly hair in winter to protect his neck from the fangs of savage neighbors, and possessed of a brain capable of reasoning out the problems that confront him each day, he is indeed well fitted for the part he has to play.

The dog shares with his master a life somewhat akin to that of the lighthouse keeper. An ocean of hot, moving grass in summer, an infinite expanse of cheerless rolling white in winter is the only world he knows.

When roaring north winds bring snow and ice to his domain, the sheep dog's tasks are doubled. Winter is always a season of famine among the people of the wild,—a time when gaunt, famishing wolves venture down from the hills to ravage the flocks. They make

quick, bold forays into the corrals, and defence of the sheep depends almost solely on the dog. A wolf and he are evenly matched in weight and strength, but the dog battles with the courage which a mother animal will display when defending her young. Shoulder against shoulder, fang to fang, they slash and cut, till the death of one, or the arrival of the sheep-herder puts an end to the combat.

Often a ewe will wander away from the flock with her lambkin, and it is the dog's duty to search them out, and stand guard till his master may come to lead them back to a place of safety. If a band of timber wolves happen on the lonely trail, our dog's fight will be a short one, for they are strong and savage fighters and would quickly overpower him. The smaller and more cowardly prairie wolves, or coyotes, shown in this month's frontispiece, hesitate to attack at any time; only courage that comes with numbers will send them to their prey.

And even when his loyal fighting brings the dog close to death, the affectionate pat of his master's hand or a kind word will be his only reward. Yet this, after all, is the dearest desire of his honest, faithful, loving heart.



" 'THIS ACORN TAKE
AS GUERDON FOR YOUR KINDLY DEED.' "



By Mildred Howells

A goose-girl, so traditions tell,
Tending her feathered flock alone
Beside an ancient wishing-well,
Once met a wrinkled crone.

A draught the beldame begged her draw,
The maid complied, when, vision strange!
Into a fairy bright she saw
The aged good-wife change.

Who smiling said, "This acorn take
As guerdon for your kindly deed,
For it shall help you if you break
Its shell in hour of need."

Then vanished; but the maid, though kind,
Was curious, so with a pin
She pierced the nut at once, to find
But emptiness within.

Baffled, she held its value small
Until the heralds, far and wide,
Proclaimed the Prince would give a ball
At which to choose his bride.

"What need," she thought, "could be more dire,
Than mine to go?" so broke the nut,
Whose shell disclosed complete attire
Fit for a Princess; but—,

Straight through each breadth of raiment rare,
Just where her prying pin-point went,
The goose-girl found, to her despair,
There showed a hopeless rent.

In vain the maid, to overcome
Her pin's fell work, her needle plied,
For while she wrought and wept at home
The prince picked out his bride.

Alas that every future goose
So sacrificed should be,
By yielding to an idle mood
Of curiosity.

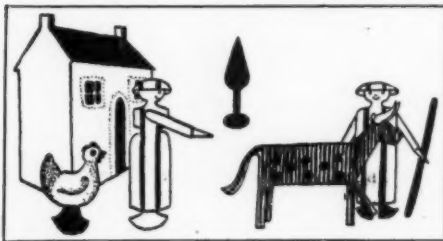


Hans the Innocent

Written and Illustrated by M. I. Wood

ONCE upon a time there was a woman called Mrs. Stockchen and she had a son named Hans. They lived together in a little cottage and they had a hen and a cow.

One morning Mrs. Stockchen said to her son: "Hans, my dear, will you take Cowslip, the cow,



to pasture, and remember not to be late for supper." "Very well," said Hans, and he took up his stick and started for the field.

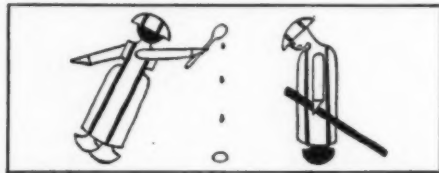
The sun was very hot when he got there, and seeing a row of five shady trees, he lay down underneath them and fell asleep in two seconds. He snored with his mouth open. Cowslip had been watching him and when she saw his eyes close, she said, "Now! here's my chance!" and, jumping over the fence, she ran away.



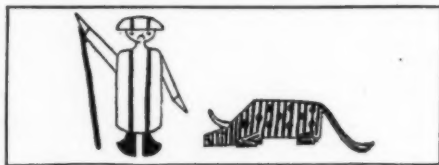
Hans stopped snoring and awoke at supper-time. He looked for Cowslip, but she had disappeared; he ran about calling for her, but she did not come; and at last he went home to his mother with a very sad face and said: "Oh, mother, Cowslip ran away while I was asleep. I have looked for her and cannot find her anywhere."

"You lazy, careless, naughty, careless, naughty, lazy Boy!" cried Mrs. Stockchen. "You have left my poor cow wandering all alone. She will lose her way in the dark. Just

you go and find her this instant. You will get no supper till you bring her back, or my name is not Matilda Maria!"



Mrs. Stockchen had grown quite scarlet with rage and she shook the soup-ladle at her son to make him go faster. It was getting quite dark by the time Hans reached the field again and nowhere did he see any trace of the cow. He did not know in what direction she had gone,



so he walked round and round the field, feeling very miserable.

Just as 10 o'clock was striking, Cowslip stepped out from behind a tree, and kneeling at Hans's feet, said in a choking voice, "I am really very sorry, Hans." "Well," said Hans, "I am sorry too, but let us get home now." So they set out, tired and rather cross.



But when they came within sight of the light in their own cottage window, they met two soldiers who stopped them, and asked what they were doing out so late. "We're just going home," said Hans. "Why," said the soldiers "you ought to have been there two hours ago."

"Well, I could n't help it," said Hans, "this cow ran away and I had to fetch her before going home to supper."

"Boy!" said the soldiers, "you are not



speaking the truth, you have stolen the cow, and you are very impertinent as well. We will take you to prison."

They tied a rope round Hans's neck and

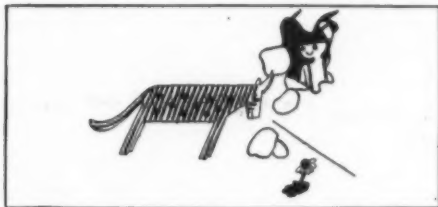


another round the cow's, and took them to prison. They put Hans into a dungeon full of horrid creatures, but they let poor Cowslip wander about in the fields outside.

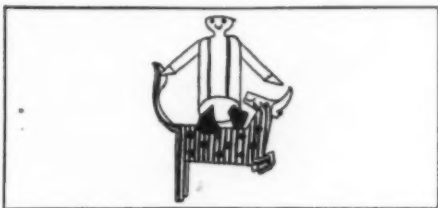


One morning when Hans was crying because the door was locked and because the window bars looked so strong, Cowslip heard him. She came up beside the window, and standing on her hind-legs she peeped in and said, "Hans, my dear master, do you think that if I tried to knock down the wall with my horns, you could get out?" "I will try," said Hans. It was rather hard work for Cowslip, but at last she made a big enough hole and Hans leaped out.

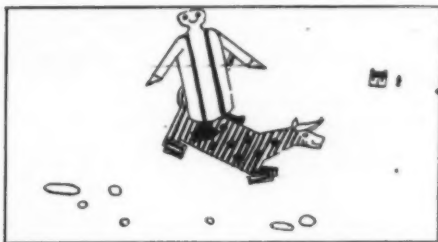
He knocked off his hat in doing so, but then Hans did n't care about a little thing like that.



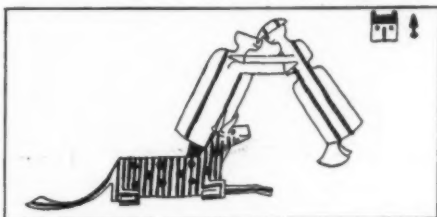
He jumped on her back, and away they went, over fallen trees, stones, ditches, hedges,



everything. They came in sight of the cottage at last, and the sound of their approach caused



Mrs. Stockchen to look out of the window. When she saw who it was she fairly jumped for joy and she rushed out at once to meet them.



Hans fell into his mother's arms. And they all lived happily ever afterward.

At the County Fair in the Congo



FARMER HIPPO: "COME NOW, I'VE BOUGHT MY TICKET, AND YOU MUST LET ME GO UP WITH YOU!"

"A Word to the Wise"

By Louise M. Laughton

LITTLE owlet in the glen
I'm ashamed of you;
You are ungrammatical
In speaking as you do.
You should say, "To whom! To whom!"
Not, "To who! To who!"

Your small friend, Miss Katy-did,
May be green, 't is true,
But you never hear her say
"Katy do! She do!"

How Knives Cut

C. H. Claudy

With photo-micrographs by the author

WHAT makes a sharp knife cut, and a dull one hard to use? At first glance it would seem that the thinner the sharp edge, the easier the knife would cut, and in a measure, this is so, yet there are exceptions. If you want to carve a roast of meat and are offered the choice of a sharp carving knife or a sharp razor, obviously you will choose the former. Yet the naked eye can see that the edge of the carving knife is much thicker than that of the razor. When you come to the bone, it is not a knife, no matter how sharp, that you want, but a saw, as saws have very thick edges, provided with teeth.

Another puzzle,—why, after a pen-knife is carefully sharpened on a stone, will it sometimes hold its edge for a long time and, again, get dull in a day?

Almost without further words, the little pictures answer these questions, once you know what they are. They are photographs of knife edges, taken through a powerful microscope, which has magnified the edge so much that it no longer seems a smooth edge but a rough, irregular saw. And that is the secret,—knives, no matter how carefully sharpened, are little saws; the grinding away of the steel, done by the stone, is not an even work, but when the edge gets thin, is a process of tearing away tiny bits of steel by the grit of the stone. This tearing makes the teeth. A fine stone makes fine teeth, a coarse stone coarse teeth. A carving knife, used on meat, is sharpened on a coarse stone or a steel, and has coarse teeth, although its edge is thick. Its action in parting the meat is more that of a saw than a fine wedge. No matter how soft it may be, it will not cut easily unless it is drawn over the meat and not simply pressed down. A razor, however, with its paper-like edge, will cut into flesh with a simple pressure—it is a wedge dividing the fibres of flesh just as a wedge of iron divides the fibres of the log it splits. But a razor is a saw, too, only, as it is ground on the finest stones and later finished with a leather strap, its teeth are very fine indeed,—hundreds and hundreds to the inch of blade. In the original photo-micrograph, as I made it, the bit of razor which was under the lens was only one one-hundredth of an inch across, and you can count as many as twenty-five irregular teeth in this space. Here, also, is the ex-

planation of what some people consider a fancy,—that one razor will cut better on a certain beard than another equally sharp. Obviously, the tougher the beard, the finer the teeth must be to cut without “pulling,” and a “pulling” razor is one which has teeth too coarse for the hair it aims to shave.

When you sharpen a jack-knife on a grindstone and finish it up on an oil-stone, you have a sharp edge for a while—for a *long* while, if you have done the job rightly. But if you have ground with the blade very flat on the stone and the edge is, consequently, very thin indeed near its edge, you will probably have made what boys call a “wire-edge.” One of the photographs shows this wire-edge. The steel has been cut into little saw teeth, it is true, but they are so thin that they break easily—how thin the steel is can be guessed from the little holes in the edge which have been torn by some extra large and sharp piece of grit in the stone. A wire edge is very sharp, for a short time, but the teeth break off with every use of the knife and, before you know it, only a jagged



THE EDGE OF A NEWLY-HONED RAZOR-BLADE.
(Greatly Magnified.)

edge is left, which is neither sharp nor smooth.

Don't hold a knife flat on the stone—hold it at an angle so that from an eighth to a quarter of an inch of blade is being ground and when you put it on the oil stone, hold at the same angle.

How Knives Cut

This will give just as fine teeth, but they will be thicker at their base than those made



A PROPERLY SHARPENED PEN-KNIFE.

the other way—they will not break off so quickly and consequently the knife will stay sharp longer and may be given harder usage.

A saw, such as is used on wood, may be taken as an exaggerated knife. When you see a carpenter cut across the grain he takes a finer toothed saw than when he rips with the grain. *Across* the grain, he meets with the resistance of the fibres, which catch in the teeth; *with* the grain there is less of this action and a

coarser tooth can be used with better results. Knives are just the same,—a knife may be very sharp for some work and very dull for others—for instance, the carver and the razor for the meat cutting referred to at the beginning. The carver is sharp for the meat, where much pressure and little resistance are to be found, but imagine trying to shave with one! Hair is very tough, indeed, and, where so little pressure can be used, as in shaving, the sharpest kind of a knife is required—which means only with the very finest and thinnest kind of teeth.

Have you ever cut yourself with a piece of paper? The edge of a piece of glazed paper looks much like that of a knife under the microscope. Of course, the little teeth have not the strength of steel, but if the edge of the paper is drawn swiftly over the finger without much pressure, that peculiar property of matter called inertia comes into play, and the tender teeth have cut the flesh before they are broken. The same property it is which allows a candle to be shot through a one-inch plank, or permits a bullet to pass through a pane of glass without shattering it, leaving only a clean, round hole.

I wish I had space to show you some photomicrographs of the knives of insects; certainly they carry knives, some of them. The horse-fly, for instance, has a ferocious set of lances and, compared to them, a razor is as a saw to a pocket-knife. The little teeth made by nature are so small, so even and so sharp, it is no wonder that the little insect can easily cut (bite) his victims, without needing more pressure than his tiny weight easily affords.



A "WIRE EDGE" ON A POCKET-KNIFE.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

Tiny Hare and the Wind Ball



A STORY FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK TO READ. NO WORD IN IT HAS MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS

By A. L. Sykes

"I WANT to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare to his Mama one day, as he ran to the door of his home.

"What do you want to do, my dear?" she said.

"I do not know, but I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare.

"You may run out a wee bit of a way, and run and jump and play in the sun," said his Mama.

"I do not want to run and jump and play. I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare.

"You may eat the good food that you can find near our home," said his Mama, "but if you go far MAN may get you, or DOG may eat you, or HAWK may fly away with you."

"I do not want to eat the good food that I can see here. I want to do just as I like."

Papa Hare then said very low and deep, "*What* do you want to do, my son?"

"I do not know," said Tiny Hare, "but I want to do just as I like."

Then said Papa Hare, "Do not wake me from my nap any more now, and when the big moon is high in



"SOON MAN CAME BY."

the sky, and it is just like day, I will take you far out in the wood, and you may run and jump and play and eat, and be very safe, for MAN will be in his home, and DOG in his, and HAWK in hers."

"I do not want to go out in the wood, and run and jump and play when the moon is high in the sky. I want to do just as I like."

"Do not wake me," said Papa Hare, and he shut his eyes and put his ears down.

"Come here," said Mama Hare, "and I will tell you a tale of the cold time of the year when snow is over bush and tree and our good food, and what came to the hare who did just as his Mama told him not to. Step, step, step in the snow he went till he came to the Red Fire, and—"

"I do not want to hear the tale," said Tiny Hare. "I want to do just as I like."

"Do not wake me from my nap, then," said his Mama, and she shut *her* eyes and put *her* ears down.

Just then Tiny Hare saw a Wind Ball roll by. A Wind Ball is the part of one kind of a weed that is left when the weed does not grow any more, and it is dry and like wool, and it can roll like a ball, and fly as fast as a bird.

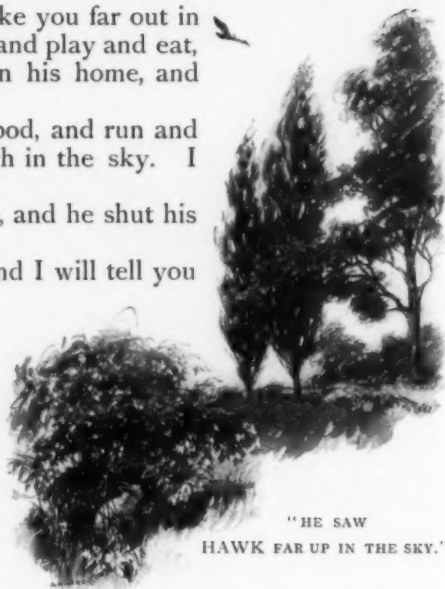
"I can run as fast as you," said Tiny Hare. "I can do just as I like, and I want to get you."

On went the Wind Ball, roll, roll, roll, and on went Tiny Hare, leap, leap, leap. Just as he was near it, the Wind Ball rose into the air, and flew like a bird, and on went Tiny Hare, jump, jump, jump. Roll and fly, roll and fly went the Wind Ball, and leap and jump, leap and jump went Tiny Hare till he was not able to run any more, and his feet were sore. He lay down to rest, but soon MAN came by, and Tiny Hare ran into a hole in a tree, and now how he *did* wish that he was at home!



"DOG CAME BY, AND TINY HARE
RAN INTO A HOLE."

home! By and by he came out to try to hunt for his home, and he ran, and he ran, and he ran! And, by and by, he saw HAWK far up in the sky, and Tiny Hare ran into a bush, and how he *did* wish he was at home.



"HE SAW
HAWK FAR UP IN THE SKY."

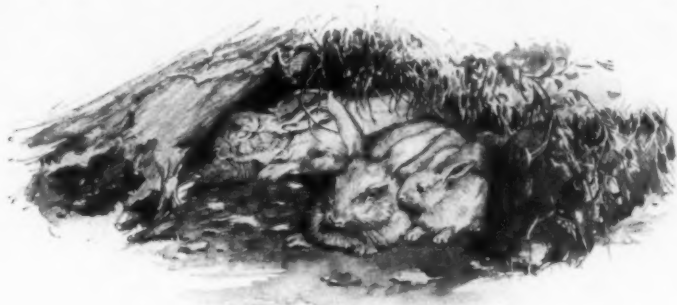
By and by he came out to try to hunt for his home, and Wind Ball went by once more.

"I can't get you, and I don't want to," said Tiny Hare, but the wind was low, and Wind Ball went roll, roll, roll, slow, slow, slow, and Tiny Hare went with it, limp, limp, limp, and by and by he saw his home. Tiny Hare ran as fast as a hare with lame feet can run, and soon he went in and lay down in the home by his Mama.

"I have not been good, Mama," he said very low in her ear in a way that a tiny hare has.

"Be good now, then," she said.

"I want to," said Tiny Hare, and then he said, "Do not wake me," and he shut *his* eyes, and put *his* ears down, and they *all* took a nap.



POOR, PATIENT ROVER! WON'T SOMEBODY SAY "SPEAK!" SO HE CAN HAVE THE LUMP OF SUGAR?



THESE ten little live playthings can be held in every baby's hand, five in one and five in the other and be the baby ever so poor yet he always has these ten playthings because, you know, he brings them with him.

But all babies do not know how to play with them. They find out for themselves a good many ways of playing with them but here are some of the ways that a baby I used to know got amusement out of his.

The very first was the play called "Ta-ra-chese" (Ta-rar-chese). It is a Dutch word and there was a little song about it all in Dutch. This is the way the baby I knew would play it when he was a tiny little fellow.

His Mamma would hold her hand up and move it gently around this way (Fig. 1) singing "Ta-ra-chese, ta-ra-chese!" Baby would look and watch awhile, and presently his little hand would begin to move and five little playthings would begin the play—dear, sweet little chubby pink fingers—for I think you have guessed these are every baby's playthings.

How glad Mamma is to find that her baby has learned his first lesson!

Then he must learn, "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake Baker's man," (Fig. 2) and "How big is baby?" "So Big!"

And here are some other ways by which a little sister's fingers may amuse the baby.

"This the church and this is the steeple, Open the gates—there are all the good people." (Fig. 3)

"Chimney sweep — Oho! oho! Chimney sweep!" (Fig. 4)

"Put your finger in the bird's nest. The bird is n't home." (Fig. 5)

And then when the little finger is poked in, a sly pinch is given by a hidden thumb and baby is told, "The birdie has just come home!"

But you mustn't pinch hard, of course, just enough to make baby laugh at being caught.

And then there is the play of "Two men sawing wood—one little boy picking up chips." (Fig. 6) The two finger men are moved up and down and the little boy finger works busily.

Everybody knows the rhyming finger-play:

"Here 's my Father's knives and forks, (Fig. 7)
 "Here 's my Mother's table, (Fig. 8)
 "Here 's my Sister's looking-glass, (Fig. 9)
 "And here 's the baby's cradle." (Fig. 10)

Another play is a little act in which three persons are supposed to take part, and it has come down from the old times of long ago.

The middle finger is the Friar. Those on each side of him touch each other and make the door, the little finger is the Lady and the thumb is the Page. (Fig. 11)

The Friar knocks at the door.

Friar. "Knock, Knock, Knock!"

Page. "Somebody knocks at the door!
 Somebody knocks at the door!"

Lady. "Who is it? Who is it?"

Page. (Going to door) "Who is it? Who is it?"

Friar. "A Friar, a Friar."

Page. "A Friar, Ma'am, a Friar, Ma'am."

Lady. "What does he want? What does he want?"

Page. "What do you want, Sir? What do you want, Sir?"

Friar. "I want to come in. I want to come in."

Page. "He wants to come in, Ma'am.
 He wants to come in."

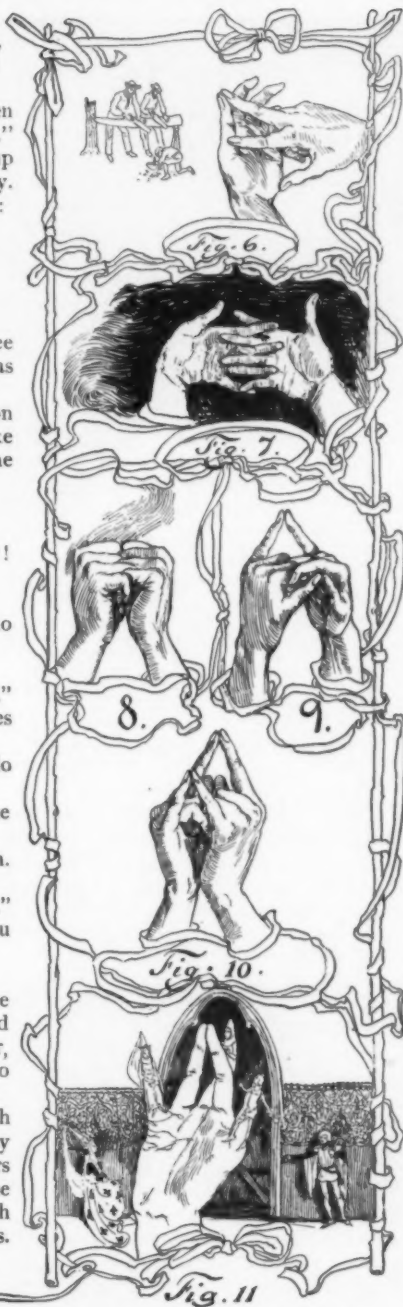
Lady. "Let him walk in. Let him walk in."

Page. "Will you walk in, Sir? Will you walk in?"

So in he pops and takes a seat.

When each player is supposed to speak he or she must move gently, bending forward and back and when the Friar is invited to enter, the door must open only just far enough to let him "pop in."

These are only some of the plays with which the baby I knew used to be amused; but they will suggest others to parents and older brothers and sisters. The baby cannot make all of these things himself but he will be quite as much interested when they are made by older hands.





ENGLISH SPARROWS
IN THE SNOW-COVERED BRANCH OF
A PINE TREE.

Nature and Science

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by EDWARD F. BIGELOW

The birds are all social and gregarious in winter, and seem drawn together by common instinct.—
JOHN BURROUGHS.

WHERE BIRDS SLEEP IN WINTER.

IN zero weather, when the night is pitch dark and there is a piercing wind driving a biting snow, perhaps you have wondered, as I have, to think how the little wild birds could manage to sleep and not freeze, nor be covered up with the snow.

One stormy, winter night, while walking through Central Park, New York City, I partly answered the question. A branch of a large pine tree swung close to, and a little above, a street lamp. The branch and its twigs were quite free from snow, the dense leaves or "needles" forming a roof above them and catching the snow which had quickly filled up the spaces between the slender leaves. Here and there, under the most cozy-looking of the leaf-clusters, was a little group of English sparrows looking as comfortable as could be. They were somewhat disturbed by my pausing to watch them, and a few left to find a perch on some higher branch. Probably there were scores of these sparrows in this tree; for I was

able to examine only the branch near the light. Who knows but that every pine in the park, and many a one in the woods as well, is a very tenement for the birds?

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THE "MOUSE-FISH" OR "SARGASSUM FISH."

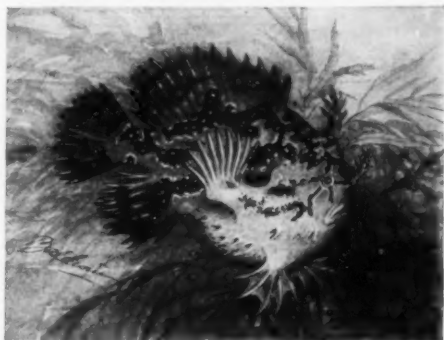
THE sea-weed that drifts in scattered masses everywhere on the surface of the ocean, sometimes in mere handfuls, or again, as in the "Sargasso Sea" covering hundreds of square miles, is now and then brought on board ship, perhaps by an accidental sweep of the deck bucket, and furnishes a surprise to the passenger who may be curious enough to examine it.

Each little cluster of this gulf-weed is likely to have its colony of living creatures, and fishes, crabs, shrimps, and shells may at times be found amongst the leaves. The "Mouse-fish" pictured in the next column, is quite abundant there, and sprawls awkwardly about, using its broad fins curiously like hands, showing little disposition to swim as do other fishes, even when placed in water free from sea-weed.

This fish (*Pterophryne*) is a member of a group of a highly colored and curiously marked family, called the *Antennariidae*, which prefer the environment of the protecting seaweed, and find abundant food in their fellow passengers in their drifting, floating home.

Their colors, closely matching the weed, and the streaming antennae-like appendages which distinguish them, make these fish very hard to detect amongst the leaves (unless some movement betrays them), and no doubt give them safety from possible enemies. They may be driven for thousands of miles over the seas by the currents and winds, and remain unconscious of the extent of their travels until some chance takes them into colder waters and kills the sea-weed and its little group of inhabitants.

The fish from which our drawing was made was captured by one of the naturalists of the expedition of the Baltimore Geographical Society to the Bahama Islands, in the summer of



THE MOUSE FISH.

1903. It measures only three inches and the largest of the group rarely reach more than six or seven inches.

A. H. BALDWIN.

ICE CRYSTALS: THEIR FORMATION AND GROWTH.

WHILE all ice is composed of crystals, they are usually so completely fused together that they become invisible, although they are beautiful in appearance and interesting in their formation and increase. To see these processes, a good plan is to place a large looking-glass under the water when it is beginning to freeze. The mirror reflects the light from the sky, and forms a background against which the crystals may be seen by the naked eye. A

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pan or a pail may be used, if a pond is not within convenient reach.

The crystals may be easily seen in these conditions, but to photograph them has been



FIG. 1. THE BEGINNING OF AN ICE CRYSTAL.

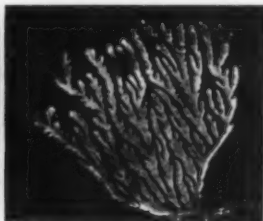


FIG. 2. "LIKE BEAUTIFULLY BRANCHING CORAL."

difficult until recently, with our improved apparatus. In general they, like snow crystals, tend to produce six points or rays, yet even here there is a great variety of shape, six or seven different types having been observed. Once formed, they grow by attracting to themselves the water particles (molecules) that immediately surround them.

When first formed they are tiny things, flattened, and hardly thicker than paper. These usually start at the edges of the receptacle as lance-like outgrowths, but they soon branch and become scalloped. It is interesting to watch these lances slowly shoot outward, but still more fascinating to study those produced later within the free water. These first appear as small, round discs, or as needles, afterward passing through the more complex stages, to become stars or hexagons, or to assume other symmetrical shapes.

The most beautiful period of their existence is the "ice flower" stage, when they show six petal-like projections (Fig. 6).

The needle-like crystals grow by the forma-

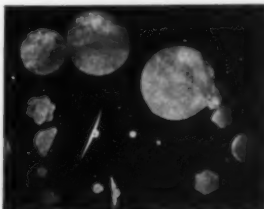


FIG. 3. GERM CRYSTALS.

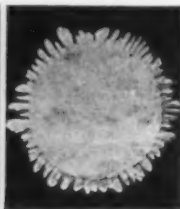


FIG. 4. GERM CRYSTALS GROWING AT THE EDGES.

tion of scallops and branches along both edges, sometimes only on one side, when they develop into a horseshoe shape (Fig. 1).

Other types become like beautifully branch-

ing coral (Fig. 2). It would be interesting to know the cause of these changes, but it is useless to guess. We can only admire and wonder. Much is to be learned in this de-

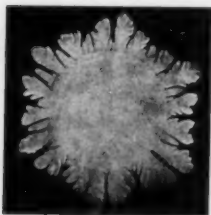


FIG. 5. THE PROGRESS IN THE GROWTH AT THE EDGES.



FIG. 6. THE COMPLETED "ICE FLOWER."

The six snow-crystal photographs are by W. A. Bentley.

partment of study by observation and experiment.

Fig. 3 may be called germ crystals, since they are the first formed of several types. Fig. 4 shows the germ growing at the margins.

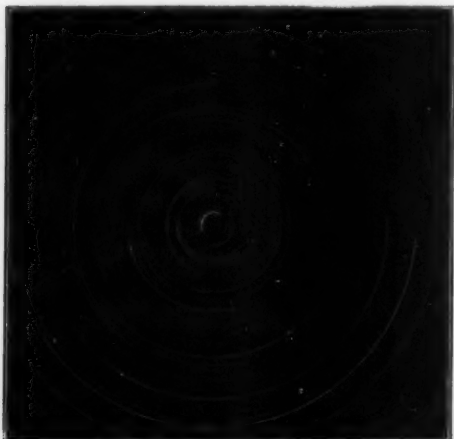
Fig. 5 is the same still further developed.

Fig. 6 is a beautiful form of "ice flower," already mentioned.

The subject is an attractive one, and may be commended to those who are interested in the study of natural objects, especially of those that are not often seen, until the attention is drawn to them by some person more familiar with the hidden things of our beautiful world.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE STARS.

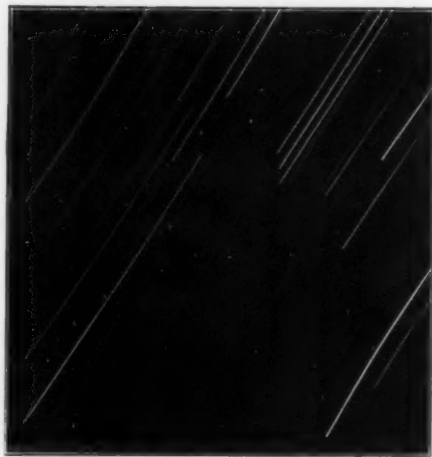
It is an easy matter merely to photograph stars. No elaborate or expensive apparatus is required. The trouble is to picture them



THE STARS GROUPED AROUND THE POLE STAR APPEAR IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AS ARCS OF CIRCLES.

as points and not as streaks, for as the earth rotates it carries the photographic apparatus with it, and the light from the star makes a line, while the astronomer wants a point. He must therefore devise a machine that will counteract the movement of the earth, and so keep the light steadily in the same place on the plate. Elaborate clockwork must turn the lens "backwards" to keep it on the star, and at the same rate as that at which the earth moves "forward."

The mere act of photographing is not much more difficult than a short exposure out of the window of a moving car.



OTHER STARS APPEAR IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AS NEARLY STRAIGHT LINES.

An astronomer at the great Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, says that, "Many of the most important results of astronomy . . . have been derived from the use of an ordinary camera with just such a lens as is found in the possession of thousands of amateur photographers. If we take an ordinary camera and point it on a clear night toward the North Pole, it will be found after an exposure of one or two hours that the stars which lie near the pole have drawn arcs of circles upon the plate. This is due to the fact that the earth is rotating upon its axis at such a rate as to cause every star in the sky to appear to travel through a complete circle once in twenty-four hours."

Our earth rotates, like a top, within the celestial sphere on which stars are scattered in every direction. A pin on the side of the top would by its revolution make a straight

scratch on an object held near it. A series of pins upward along the curved side would make a series of circles in one revolution or more.

I hope that some of our readers (especially those having a camera with a lens admitting much light) will try this on a clear, moonless night. Let the exposure be for at least five minutes if the camera is pointed overhead, and for at least one hour if directed toward the Pole Star. The camera may be left out all night if pointed at the pole, but must be taken in just before daylight. The longer the exposure the longer the star "scratches." Develop the plate as long as possible.

A PLANT THAT AIMS ITS WEAPONS.

DR. K. G. LEAVITT has been studying the thorns of the common red-berried thorn-tree, known to scientists as *Cratægus Crus-galli*. He counted all the thorns on many branches and found that there were many more pointing downward than upward. On some branches nearly all were pointed downward. He found that the thorns started out about equally in number on the upper and lower sides (as do buds), but nearly all the thorns on the upper side curved downward more and more as they grew in length. This he regards as a noteworthy fact. In an extended article in "The Plant World" he says:

"Very few shoots, in normal plants, turn their points downward. None of the shoots of *Cratægus* do so except the thorns; and it is

The thorns are evident defenses against those animals which in a wild state feed, or formerly fed, upon the leaves—pricking their noses, lips,



THE COW ATTACKS THE TWIG FROM UNDER SIDE.

(Thus the twig is best protected.)

Both cuts on this page are from "The Plant World."

and tongues. But why should *down-pointing* thorns be better than others? The Herbivore whose depredations were of old the 'reason' for the existence of the thorns in *Cratægus* and allied plants were members of the Bovidae and Cervidae—the ox and the deer tribes. We may, therefore, perhaps get the information we want from the domestic cow. If we watch her as she feeds, we at once see how important a part the tongue plays in securing food. While the horse seizes his food with his lips, the cow, on the other hand, constantly makes use of the tongue in grazing. It shoots out from right to left and with a quick, sweeping, circular motion draws the grass in. If a handful of clover is held toward a hungry cow, she will reach for it with extended tongue which, if necessary, may be protruded several inches beyond the muzzle. The tip curves around the desired food and the rough surface helps to hold it. From constant use the tongue becomes a strong and adept organ of prehension. Now note that in browsing, when such an object as the depending branch of a tree is sought, the protruded tongue curves upward, and the branch is seized from beneath, as shown in the illustration above. This is the habit of the deer, as well as of the ox, kind; and this observation makes it plain that the tendency of the spurs is a nice adaptation to their protective function with a view to the foes to be feared and the quarter from which attack is to be expected.

"It is not unreasonable to surmise that had the browsing animals of northern temperate regions—the home of *Cratægus*—been of the horse kind, then the spurs of our plant would have pointed at all angles indifferently."



TWIG OF THORN-TREE.

Shows most thorns pointing downward.

very singular and interesting to find that these branches, so highly modified in form, . . . differ from all the other branches of the tree in their physiology.

"What, then, is the usefulness to the tree of the strong downward trend of these spurs? The answer is doubtless to be found in the browsing habits of certain foes of *Cratægus*.

SWINGS ITS TAIL LIKE A PENDULUM.

C. WILLIAM BEEBE, Curator of Ornithology at the New York Zoological Park, in his recent book, "Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico," gives



THE MOTMOT SWINGING ITS TAIL LIKE A PENDULUM.

(Illustration used by courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

the following interesting account of the Mexican motmot or pendulum bird:—

The most remarkable characteristic of the bird is its long tail, which is greenish blue in color, while the two central tail-feathers, longer than the others, are bare of barbs for about an inch of their length, each feather ending in a full-veined racket. The strange thing about this ornament is the fact that it is produced by the bird itself. When the young birds attain their full plumage, the elongated pair of feathers in the tail are perfect from base to tip. Guided apparently by some instinct, each motmot begins to pick and pick at these feathers, tearing off a few barbs at a time with its bill. This is kept up until the tail is in the condition which is shown in the photograph, and at each succeeding moult the process is repeated. . . . The real cause of the habit would be a most interesting one to solve. In some of the birds which we saw the process had just begun, only a few barbs being torn away. . . . The motmot has a curious pendulum motion of its tail—from side to side, and, more rarely, up and down. When the bird blends so perfectly with its surroundings that the eye fails to locate it, the horizontal swing of its tail marks it out. This is not a true pendulum motion, as the tail snaps to the highest point, and is held there for a moment before being jerked to the opposite side.

THE BOY OR THE DOG?

ON page 1133 of NATURE AND SCIENCE for October, 1906, was an inquiry as to the "foot of some small animal" found in a Boston street. It was identified as the foot of a woodchuck. A prize was offered for the most reasonable and interesting imaginative story on the subject, "How the Woodchuck's Foot Went to Boston." All of the letters received were "interesting"—some surprisingly so!—but not all were "reasonable." From the letters that filled both conditions the two following seem to the editor of about equal interest and originality, and in both respects a little better than the others. Our readers may take their choice between the two letters. An interesting book, the prize offered, has been sent to each of the two writers.

GEORGE DROPPED IT.

BOONTON, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Once there was an old trapper who lived in the Adirondacks. Nobody knew his name or his history. They just called him "Sam." He was about six feet tall, with sandy hair. He lived in an old, dilapidated cabin up in the woods, earning his living by trapping, and serving as a guide to the guests of the hotel not far away.

One day he made the acquaintance of a small boy, by the name of George Vanderhoof, who was staying for the summer at the hotel. This singular friendship lasted all summer. One day Sam was going around to look at his traps when George appeared, and went along.

"Going away to-morrow," remarked George by way of making conversation. Sam said nothing. Soon they came to where three traps were set by a stump. Two were unsprung, but one had the foot of some animal.

"Woodchuck," grunted Sam. "Here, George, want it?"

The next day George went home taking his woodchuck's foot with him in his hand, as his mother declared she "could never put that nasty thing in the trunk." While crossing the street George was frightened by some horses and dropped the woodchuck's foot. He afterward looked, but did not find it.

ROBERT WILLIAMS (age 11 years).

THE DOG RAN OFF WITH IT.

SAWKILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the city of Boston lives a taxidermist, who delights in collecting the skins of various small animals and birds to stuff. Finally, the desire seized him to possess a mounted woodchuck as an interesting addition to his collection. He wrote to a friend in the country, asking him to try and obtain for him a woodchuck, skin it carefully, and send the skin to him. The friend, who was a trapper, soon succeeded in capturing a fine specimen, which he skinned according to his friend's direction, and soon Sir Woodchuck—I mean his skin—was in an express train, speeding his way over the iron rails to Boston.

When he reached his destination, the taxidermist

was delighted, because it was such a fine skin, almost faultless—save for one forepaw, which was slightly torn at the wrist, showing where the woodchuck had been imprisoned in the trap.

The taxidermist stood the skin, which was stretched on a board, on a chair, while he left the room for a moment. On returning, he was just in time to see his dog, on whom he had not reckoned, pulling at and worrying the skin as if he had a perfect right to do so. The taxidermist struck at the dog with his stick, but, dodging the blow, the dog ran out of the open doorway, down the hall, and into the street, dragging with him the skin. A stray dog, seeing another dog with some treasure, ran after him, and caught the skin by the weak forefoot. The foot came off, of course, and away ran the second dog, with the foot, but he soon stopped to determine the nature of his prize. Finding it only an animal's paw, with quite sharp claws and very little meat, he left it, and walked off disgusted. So this is how a woodchuck's foot came to be found in a Boston street.

CHARLOTTE STARK (age 14 years).

SQUIRRELS EAT MUSHROOMS.

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I want to ask you if squirrels, as a general thing, eat mushrooms. The gray squirrels about our house seem to eat them a great deal and it cannot be because they have no nuts, as there are plenty of oak and hickory trees around.

Yours truly,

CARYL S. COMAN.

Squirrels do not subsist wholly on nuts, as seems to be the popular idea, but have a varied diet. Ernest Ingersoll tells of the failure of the crop of pine seeds upon which certain Northwestern ground squirrels were accustomed to feed:

"In this extremity they turned to the mushrooms, everywhere abundant, and were busy during all the late autumn in gathering them. They were too wise, however, to store them underground, where they would soon have rotted, but instead, deposited them in notches and crotches of the lower branches of the forest trees, where they dried in the open air and so kept in good condition to be eaten. Their shriveling-up and the shaking of the branches by the winds caused many to fall, and these the squirrels industriously picked up and tried to fasten more securely to the branches.

"This method of providing themselves with winter food implied the necessity of their coming forth from their underground retreats, no matter how cold and snowy the weather, whenever they wanted something to eat, instead of having their larder indoors as is usual with them; and it would be interesting to know whether they actually did so, or whether they failed to profit, after all, by their seemingly sagacious prudence."

HOW TO CARE FOR CHAMELEONS.

CHAMELEONS can be kept alive for years by making a frame to fit over a plant in a flower-pot, and covering it with mosquito netting, which must be long enough to tie with a string about the pot. Keep the pot in the sunniest window and water the plant every day through

the netting. You will be surprised to see how eagerly the little creatures will drink the running water, after they get over their fear. Set a wire fly-trap for flies which you can liberate under the netting. The chameleons will not be backward about helping themselves.

In winter they do not require much food, but will relish a meal worm, occasionally, on sunny days. Meal worms can sometimes be got at the grain stores for the asking or can be purchased at the bird stores, or small spiders can be found in cracks and crannies, asleep for the winter; they may be frozen stiff if found out of doors, but they revive in a warm room.

Chameleons enjoy a place to sleep in nights and winters. Take a piece of red flannel, four inches wide and eight inches long; roll it



THE CHAMELEONS ON A PLANT COVERED BY MOSQUITO NETTING.

over a stick as large round as your finger and sew it while on the stick so that it will not come unwound; then slip off and run a wire through it long enough to suspend it from one of the branches on the plant. The chameleons will crawl into this cosy bed and go to sleep.

MRS. ORVILLE BASSETT.

CALIFORNIA SEALS AT HOME.

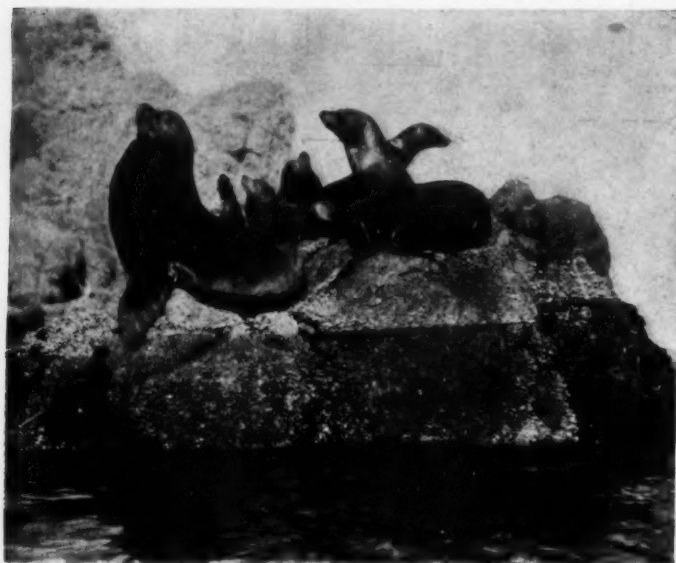
THE accompanying illustration of California seals is from a photograph taken about three

discussions. We close our indoor meetings in the spring and from that time until fall have frequent outings, either singly or in small groups or go in a body. We have aroused much interest here in nature study.

We are to have a museum established in connection with our high school, and the public library committee are going to purchase a good nature-library for us.

Our work has also resulted in the organization of all the towns along the Kalamazoo river into an association called the Kalamazoo Valley Nature Club. In this are included the students of the Western Michigan Normal School at Kalamazoo. We expect to have frequent outings together the coming season.

Another good work that we have accomplished is the appointment of E. M. Brigham, a well-known naturalist, as nature-study instructor, in the sanitarium here. The Battle Creek sanitarium is one of the largest institutions of the kind in the world, all the time having from six hundred to one thousand patients. Mr. Brigham has been an extensive traveller in South America. Every day, no matter what the weather is, he takes a



SEALS ON A ROCK.

(From a photograph used by courtesy of the Santa Catalina Island Company.)

miles east of Avalon, Santa Catalina Islands. Hundreds of these animals make their home there during the entire year, and many of them come into the bay at Avalon, where, a few months ago, the editor of Nature and Science spent several days, and watched them catching fish for food and playing in the water. The fishermen feed them for the amusement of tourists.

Sea lions are easily tamed. Two companies of trained seals have recently attracted much public attention, one at a permanent place of amusement in New York City, the other with a traveling circus.

INCREASING INTEREST IN NATURE-STUDY.

HERE is a letter from one of the grown up friends of St. Nicholas, showing some phases of the value, the ever-growing interest and the enjoyment of nature-study:

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You may be interested in the work of the nature club of this city, which was organized seven years ago. We now have fifty members. We hold meetings once a week during the winter, at which talks are given on natural history subjects, followed by

big company of patients on a nature outing and upon returning gives them a natural history talk. It is proving a great success, and will spread nature study, because the patients having once become interested, will go home and organize more clubs. This is the first institution in the United States to adopt this innovation, and to employ a permanent nature instructor. Of course the doctors of the institution have an object in keeping the patients out doors in the fresh air as much as possible.

Last summer our friend, Mr. Metcalf, took the members of the club on an outing to a bee tree that he had previously located, and illustrated to them how he cut and lowered the top, saved and hived the bees and took the honey from the cavity. The members all brought bread and butter and a knife with them and Mr. Metcalf treated them all to fresh honey, having a honey social. It was a very pleasant outing and an instructive one. The members learned many things about bees.

Fraternally yours

CHAS. E. BARNES,
President Battle Creek Nature Club.

"SEEING OUR BREATH,"

BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why do we see our breath on cold days?

Yours,

DOUGLAS LAWRENCE.

We never see our breath. The cold condenses the moisture of our breath and makes it

visible like a cloud. If you could look into the boiler of an engine, you would see nothing, although the boiler might be full of steam, because steam becomes visible only when it is condensed into water-drops by cold. Clouds are watery vapor condensed into drops by cold air.

A NOVEL BLOOM ON AN OAK TREE.

THE accompanying illustration is from a photograph of a California oak-tree covered by the vines of a double "Cherokee rose," with the roses in full bloom. The tree is on the property of Mr. G. C. Hall, Alameda, California; the photograph was taken by Mr. F. R. Ziel.

I first saw this rose-tree in full bloom as I was riding with Mr. Fred T. Moore, Superintendent of the schools in Alameda, who kindly obtained the photograph for use in Nature and Science.

It reminded me of a similarly novel combination that I once saw in a Connecticut apple orchard. A tree growing in an angle of the fence around a corn-field, in which pumpkins

had also been planted, seemed to have a peculiar attraction for the pumpkin vines, for some of them had embraced the trunk, and festooned the branches with great loops of vigorous growth and ample leaves, while the yellow blossoms and the forming pumpkins gave that apple-tree an appearance that would have surprised it, if it could have looked at itself, and which made me regret my inability to picture the novel scene. This was before I learned how to make photographs.

Some country folk are fond of describing the ignorance of the city people in regard to the common events of country life. There is a traditional and often repeated story of the city boy who thought that potatoes grew on trees, but if any city boy did think that, he will perhaps find it comforting to claim that roses have been seen in bloom on oak-trees, pumpkins dangling from the branches of an apple tree, and, what is more astonishing, yet a fact, that Luther Burbank has succeeded in making potatoes grow on their own vines above ground like tomatoes. These he calls "aërial potatoes."



THE ROSEBUSH IN BLOOM IN THE BRANCHES OF A LIVE OAK.

Photograph by F. R. Ziel, Alameda, California.



"A HEADING." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY E. VINCENT MILLAY (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

"SHOW me the road to Romance!" I cried, and he raised his head;
 "I know not the road to Romance, child. 'T is a warm, bright way," he said,
 "And I trod it once with one whom I loved,—with one who is long since dead.
 But now—I forget,—Ah! The way would be long without that other one,"
 And he lifted a thin and trembling hand, to shield his eyes from the sun.

"Show me the road to Romance!" I cried, but she did not stir,
 And I heard no sound in the low ceil'd room save the spinning-wheel's busy whirr.
 Then came a voice from the down-bent head, from the lips that I could not see,
 "Oh! Why do you seek for Romance? And why do you trouble me?
 Little care I for your fancies. They will bring you no good," she said,
 "Take the wheel that stands in the corner, and get you to work, instead."

Then came one with steps so light that I had not heard their tread,
 "I know where the road to Romance is. I will show it you," she said.
 She slipped her tiny hand in mine, and smiled up into my face,
 And lo! A ray of the setting sun shone full upon the place,
 The little brook danced adown the hill and the grass sprang up anew,
 And tiny flowers peeped forth as fresh as if newly washed with dew.

A little breeze came frolicking by, cooling the heated air,
 And the road to Romance stretched on before, beckoning, bright and fair.
 And I knew that just beyond it, in the hush of the dying day,
 The mossy walls and ivied towers of the land of Romance lay.
 The breath of dying lilies haunted the twilight air,
 And the sob of a dreaming violin filled the silence everywhere.

JUST WITH LEAGUE MEMBERS.

OUR verse and prose subjects this time were very popular. A great many contributions were received and they were of a high order of merit. It was so difficult to select those which were not to be printed. The editor felt a personal grievance in not being allowed room enough to print every one of the Roll of Honor No. 1 contributions, and a number of those which were crowded out were quite as good from the point of view of merit as those selected for use. In such a case as this the suitability of the contributions to the League department has to be considered.

Indeed, this is a thing that must always be considered, and one of the things that young authors, and old ones too, have to learn. A poem or a story may be ever so good from the technical and artistic point of view and yet not be adapted to every publication. In fact it may be adapted to a very few publications. The League de-

partment, for instance, being a part of the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, must be made suitable to ST. NICHOLAS readers as well as to its contributors, for there are a vast number of readers who enjoy the League who do not even belong to it, but read it and look at the pictures just as they would find pleasure in any other part of the magazine. Very sad, very tragic, very romantic and very abstruse work cannot often be used, no matter how good it may be from the literary point of view, and while the League editor certainly does not advocate the sacrifice of artistic impulse to market suitability, he does advocate as a part of every literary education the study of the market's needs whereby one may learn to offer this or that particular manuscript to just the periodical most likely to give it welcome. And the beginning of this education may be acquired by considering the requirements of the ST. NICHOLAS League.

PRIZE WINNERS, NOVEMBER COMPETITION.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **E. Vincent Millay** (age 14), 100 Washington St., Camden, Me., and **Mary Taft Atwater** (age 14), 2419 N. 33d St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Elinor Babson** (age 15), 138 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Katharine Putnam** (age 17), Rushford, Minn.; **George Amundsen** (age 11), Detroit City, Minn., and **S. R. Benson** (age 10), The Beacon, Fleet, Hampshire, Eng.

Prose. Gold badges, **Ellice D. von Dorn** (age 14), 1669 Princeton Ct., St. Paul, Minn., and **Gertrude Emerson** (age 16), 135 E. 56th St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Gladys M. Douglass** (age 13), 554 Kempston St., New Bedford, Mass.; **Donald Malvern** (age 9), Faggs Manor, Cochranville, Pa., and **Natalie Hallock** (age 15), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Drawing. Cash prizes, **Hester Margetson** (age 16), The Manor, Blewbury, N. Didcot, Berkshire, Eng., and **W. Clinton Brown** (age 17), 331 S. Pryn St., Atlanta, Ga.

Gold badge, **Lucia E. Halsted** (age 14), Hotel Zeiger, El Paso, Tex.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Hamilton** (age 12), 316 Pine St., Stevens Point, Wis.; **Henrietta Havens** (age 14), Tivoli, N. Y., and **Marian Phelps van Buren** (age 10), 15 Prom. des Anglais, Nice, France.

Photography. Cash prize, **Dorothy Arnold** (age 14), 465 State St., Albany, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Gertrude W. Richards** (age 13), 163 Irving Ave., S. Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, **Gertrude A. Hochschild** (age 12), 565 West End Ave., N. Y. City, and **Stephen C. Marschutz** (age 8), 1333 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Bear," **Tom K. Richards** (age 14), 2136 W. Riverside, Spokane, Wash. Second prize, "Wild Cat," **Herbert S. Marschutz** (age 12), 1333 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal. Third prize, "Coe Moose," **Warden McLean** (age 16), Pottstown, Pa. Fourth prize, "Gopher," **Helen B. Walcott** (age 12), 1743 22d St., Wash., D. C.

Puzzle-Making. Cash prize, **E. Adelaide Hahn** (age 13), 552 East 87th St., New York City.

Gold badges, **R. Utley** (age 16), 9 Linden St., Toronto, Canada, and **Honor Gallsworthy** (age 14), Arancaria, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England.

Silver badges, **Eleanor V. Covelty** (age 11), 107 Second St., Troy, N. Y., and **Margaretta V. Whitney** (age 14), 146 E. Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badge, **Dorothy Hopkins** (age 17), 35 Ridgmont St., Allston, Mass.

Silver badge, **Carolyn Hutton** (age 15), 220 N. 15th St., Richmond, Ind.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY MARY TAFT ATWATER (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

AROUND the nursery fireside,
In the light of the embers red,
All of us children gather
Just before the time for bed,—
Kitty and Dick and Holland,
Mary and Dot and Ned.

Watching the glowing embers,
And shivering at the dark,
We listen to the howling wind
Sweeping the leafless park.
We all pretend we're someone
else,—
Kitty is Joan of Arc,

Dick is Coeur de Lion,
Mary is Lorna Doone,
Dotty is Ellen Douglas,
Holland, bold Daniel Boone,
Ned is Sir Walter Raleigh,—
The evening's gone too soon.

And then we watch the embers
Changing from red to gray,
Our castles fall in ruins,
The spell dies slow away.
We change from knights and
ladies
To children of to-day.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY GERTRUDE EMERSON (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE subject is a difficult one. My eyes roam over the shelves, resting on first one volume and then another. I think each in turn is my favorite, but every time they come back to the same little book—"An Iceland Fisherman"—by Pierre Loti. Yes! I certainly love this above all the others. The first half of the question, then, is answered, "My Favorite Book," but "Why?" that is the more difficult part.

The tale is the simple love-story of an Iceland fisherman. Its characters condense worlds of examples into one, and it is because this book, which has so much local color, is so universal, that it is great. It cannot help but appeal to all!

It is written in a style that shows the poet's passionate love for the beauties of nature, and it engenders like emotions in the reader. The descriptions of the mysterious splendors of the Iceland skies, and the solemn silences of the treacherous seas, make me yearn with my whole heart and soul for I know not what. When the terrible storm approaches, and "Great grey sheets go hurrying past, continually replaced by others coming from below the horizon, like shadowy hangings, unwinding themselves forever as from an endless reel," I am carried away with its wild fury. I sink with the ship into the depths of the sea, to the bottom of all, and rise again to the crest of the foaming waves. I



"A HEADING." BY W. CLINTON BROWN, AGE 17.
(CASH PRIZE.)

travel with Sylvestre in distant countries, and the world seems to have gone out when he dies. I watch the dead sun, with Yann, at midnight sending its rays from afar across mysterious mirrors that reflect its pale, pale light. I sink with Yann, struggling in the mighty

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

"LES MISÉRABLES."

BY ELLICE D. VON DORN (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

I LIKE "Les Misérables" because it is a masterpiece; it has a definite aim, toward the betterment of French society; it is a book that will live; it is a strong book.

The plot is wonderful in its intricacy and in its faithfulness to human nature. The conception is not only wonderful, but is worked out with great force. Everything tends toward the main object of the book, except, perhaps, the descriptions.

They would be out of place in a mere novel, but here, where Victor Hugo endeavors to represent French places and events, they lend beauty to the book. The description of the battle of Waterloo is considered the best ever written.

To fulfil his purpose it was necessary for Hugo to show the condition of the lower class in France. The un-

happy lives of the poor; the multitudes of street children, the organized bands of criminals, into which these children are almost sure to develop, all are vividly presented. This is a mine which few men know of, and



"PETS." BY DOROTHY ARNOLD, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

grasp of the Iceland seas, fighting against inevitable fate.

From beginning to end, I live in the story. I forget self and surroundings, until the book is finished—then to dream of beautiful and noble things.

This story is a Symphony of Fate, that strikes to the roots of human pathos with the old, old tragedy of love and death.

And this is why "An Iceland Fisherman" is to me the most beautiful story in the world.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY ELINOR BABSON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

THE sun sinks to rest in the golden west,
While flame-colored clouds glide to and fro,
The lake lies bright in the sunset light;
In the Land of Romance 't is always so.

Through the wood path green, a knight is seen,
In thoughtful mood he rides, and slow,
His brow is high, and frank his eye;
In the Land of Romance 't is always so.

A maiden fair, with streaming hair,
He sees through the pathway fleeting go
From a giant grim, of mighty limbs;
In the Land of Romance 't is always so.

Now the giant is slain, and the knight again
Through the verdant woodland rides, so slow—
With the damsel fair, of the flowing hair;
In the Land of Romance 't is always so.



"PETS." BY GERTRUDE W. RICHARDS, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY LAURANCE B. SIEGFRIED, AGE 14.

into which those who do know hesitate or do not wish to look, where these struggling creatures, crushed and overpowered by the weight of society, realizing the injustice of man, and hardened by it, exist.

But the especial reason for my liking the book, is the



"PETS." BY STEPHEN C. MARSCHUTZ, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

character drawing it contains. All these things: a good plot, remarkable descriptions, and a rare insight into French society, would not make "Les Misérables" the book it is if the characters were not so finely drawn. The perfect goodness of the Bishop, the horrorbleness of the Thenadiers, the unswervingness of Javert in doing what he considered his duty, all impress us. Jean Valjean is the finest character in the book. His life is a drama in itself for was it not ever a struggle between right and wrong? From sorrows and burdens innumerable, almost unbelievable in their poignancy, so terrible that you can feel the man suffer, Jean Valjean comes out unharmed, saved by his reverence for a man, and his love for a little child. There is one great comfort. His death, though hastened by a broken heart, is happy. For a few moments, at last, he has peace. "The night was starless and intensely dark: doubtless some immense angel was standing in the gloom, with outstretched wings, waiting for the soul."

NOTICE.—The ST. NICHOLAS League always welcomes suggestions concerning subjects and competitions.

Address,

THE EDITOR.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY KATHARINE PUTNAM (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

ON the bitter winter evenings,
In our parlor, bright and warm,
Where the crackling fire of birchwood
Bids defiance to the storm,
On the rug before the hearthstone
Lying spread out, there,—just so—
Then I'm in the Land of Romance
Reading "Tales of Long Ago."

Then I read of ghosts and witches
And of knights' heroic deeds,
How the sweet and gentle ladies
Ministered to all their needs;
How they bravely rode to battle
With some token on the arm
Which in saving them from danger
Rivaled some old heathen charm.

Thus it is on winter evenings
When the ceaseless tempest's wail
Rushes down the broad old chimney
And seems mingled with my tale,
And is lost in din of battle
And in clashes to and fro,
That I'm in the Land of Romance
Reading "Tales of Long Ago."



"A PET." BY GERTRUDE A. HOCHSCHILD, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY S. R. BENSON (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

THROUGH the woods I wandered,
Gliding through the air;
Many hours I squandered
Picking flowers there.

Now it is all over—

It was but a dream;
Oh! that I could be there still,
Sitting by the stream.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY GLADYS M. DOUGLASS
(AGE 13).*(Silver Badge.)*

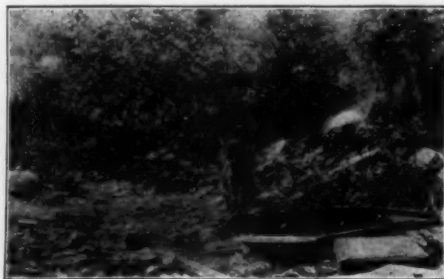
I HAVE read many interesting books of many descriptions and have enjoyed them; yet I select as my favorite "Hans Brinker," by Mary Mapes Dodge. It is a beautiful story of life in Holland. Bits of history about the country, the odd characteristics and customs of the people as a whole, and the habits and amusements of the peasants and native boys and girls are told in a most delightful and interesting way.

When I read the first chapter of this little book all home surroundings slowly fade away and I find myself on a frozen canal in Holland, skating with Hans and Gretel Brinker. Through all the book I am with them. I share their joys and sorrows. I am happier than little Gretel when she wins the race and also the silver skates. I feel sorry for them in their poverty. I am constantly with the boys on their fifty-three mile skating trip from Brock to The Hague. I enjoy with them the many sights they see on the way, and agree with Ben, the English boy, visiting his cousin, Jacob Poot, that some of the Dutch customs are very odd.

All the characters in the book are very interesting to me. There is laughing, careless Katrinka Flack and generous and considerate Hilda van Gleck, whom all must love; honest Peter van Holp, jolly Jacob Poot and many others. As I have said, this book takes me directly to Holland and to its people and there I remain until I reluctantly put it away to attend to some task. Then only, I realize that I am home, in the United States, and not with Hans and Gretel. I have had a delightful trip to Holland and gained much knowledge of its people,—but best of all, the companionship of Hans and Gretel, and all their friends. This is why I choose as my favorite, "Hans Brinker."



"BEAR." BY TOM K. RICHARDS, AGE 14.
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"WILD CAT." BY HERBERT A. MARSCHUTZ, AGE 12.
(SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY GEORGE AMUNDSEN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

THE big sister swings in the hammock,
Dreaming of knights of old,
Dreaming of beautiful ladies
And of wonderful deeds untold.
That's her Land of Romance.

Billy stands on the platform,
Watching the train flash by,
Dreaming of wheels and levers,
And the whistle's shrieking cry.
That's his Land of Romance.

Nancy sits by the window,
Playing with dishes and toys,
Dreaming of pretty red tables,
And her doll family's sorrows
and joys.
That's her Land of Romance.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY NATALIE HALLOCK (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

YOU ask me, with rather a sorrowful smile, why this little ten-cent book of poems is my favorite book. I am supposed to be well taught, and I have read Shakspeare, Dante and all the learned men's works through, yet this little book holds more teachings than all Shakspeare and Dante's works together. Why? Listen and I will tell you.

It was a few years ago, on the day before Christmas, that a little blue-eyed girl, with light, golden curls, was walking beside me. She was holding in one of her small fists a dollar and a half, and with the other hand holding mine. She had saved every penny her father had given her for the last six months. Now she had exactly enough money to buy a book for me that I had been wanting. She was going to give it to me for Christmas.

Crossing one of the main streets near the store where we were going we came upon an old blind man selling pencils. What did my little companion do but open the tightly-closed hand, give one last farewell glance at the money she had saved and put a third of her bright money in his box. Without waiting for pencils in exchange, she hurried on.

We were nearly in the store when a poor woman and a little boy came up and asked us so pleading for help that I gave them some money. But this did not content my companion, and as if it would be hard to part with her money if she looked at it, she dumped all the money she had in her hand into that of the old woman's.

When in the store we passed a cheap copy of the book I wanted, my little companion stopped and I saw her bring forth from her pocket ten cents she had saved up extra to buy herself a ball with, and buy instead the book.

Do you now understand why this is my favorite book? This little book is the emblem of unselfishness, and if everybody had a favorite book like this one, how happy we should be.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

Down the dusty winding way
Long and white,
Winding, winding out of sight;
What has raised yon dusty cloud,
Is it cows, or is it sheep,
Rousing nature from her sleep?
What can mean so large a crowd
On so hot a summer's day?

Bright beneath the sultry sky,
Waving plumes,
Knights, and ladies, squires, and
grooms,
Lovely maids with golden hair,
All the heroes that we know,
Singing sadly as they go,
Swarthy knights and children fair
See the heroes trooping by.

So they sadly wind along
Till the last
Prancing comes, and quick is past,
Thus is passing sweet romance.

Barons, lords, and valiant knights
Tournaments, and noble fights
Shield and armor, spear and lance
Fade, as fades the dying song.

MY FAVORITE BOOK.

BY DONALD MALVERN (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

Of all the books on my three shelves the one I like best is the "Sea Children" by Walter Russell. The book tells the story of the doings of a band of children living under the sea, having the marks of the sea on their breasts. It tells about a wonderful jewel and mantle which they all wear and which, if it was flashed at any fish, that fish would die instantly. It tells of how they never grow old, but live on and on, years and years. I like it because it has a true description of things that really are in the sea, and because it has a fairy story woven through it. The chapters I like best are The Battle of the Black Gorge and The Battle of the Silver Plains.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

(For Small Boys.)

BY ANNIE LAURIE HILLIER (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

Neither a lane nor fairy field—
Little lads are far too wise—
A pantry shelf, the cook away
And—pies!

Neither a lance nor "ladye
faire"—
Shouts resounding in one's
ears,
A football field, a valiant race
And—cheers!

A tent, a band, a poster gay—
"Ten cents! All welcome any
time!"
A jovial crowd and—joy of
joys!—
A—dime!

No forest couch, no silken
lounge—
Blankets soft and warm—oh,
bliss—
A mother and her little son,
A—kiss!

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY AGNES LEE BRYANT (AGE 13).

MANY people care for a sensational or an adventurous look and then again many care for the humorous or sentimental one, but I have noticed that the book that wins the admiration and regard of the person who reads the most, is that book which is written in simple, everyday language, and while the plot of the story may be very simple, the manner in which it is written compels the attention of the reader.

My favorite book is "Little Women" and my favorite author, Louisa May Alcott. I have read all of her books a great many times, but think that "Little Women" is by far her best work.

When I had finished reading it for the first time, a friend told me that the characters "Meg," "Jo," "Beth," and "Amy" were Miss Alcott and her sisters, and that at once awoke my interest in the family, but when I read "The Life, Letters, and Journal of Louisa M. Alcott," I wished what I suppose almost every English or American girl has wished for many years, that Miss Alcott were alive so that I might go and see her.

But my reasons for liking the book, while very easy to feel, are rather hard to express, but it gives one a very delightful, homey feeling, which very few



"GOPHER." BY HELEN A. WALCOTT, AGE 12.
(FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"COW MOOSE." BY WARDEN MCLEAN, AGE 16.
(THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

books do. It is also written in extremely good English, although nearly every phrase is everyday language, making it very easy for a child to read and understand.

Inasmuch as Henry W. Longfellow was called the poet of children, I think that Louisa May Alcott may be called the author for children, and I, for one, most sincerely love and admire the noble woman and her books—but chiefly "Little Women."

THE LAND OF ROMANCE

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

FAR from the Winter's twilight, still and cold,
On wings of reverie, I crossed the seas,
And lo! the wintry woods were changed to gold,
Soft waving in the gentle Autumn breeze,
Beside the ruins of a castle grand
I paused, and read upon a stone, by chance,



"A HEADING." BY ROWLEY MURPHY, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

These words (deep carved): "Here in this sunny land
Still live the memories of dead romance."

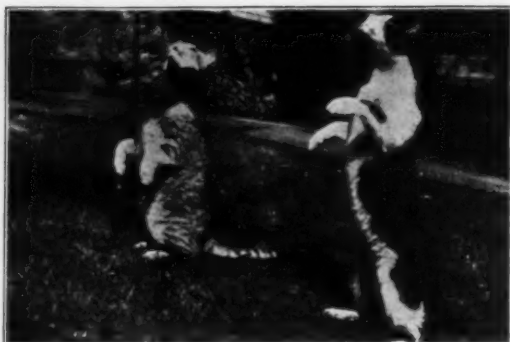
I passed beneath its portal, and my sight
Was dazzled, for within its stately hall
Were gathered lords and ladies, while the light
Of candles shed their luster over all.
There walked brave knights, of true and noble worth,
There queens and princes met, with smiling glance
And jesters with their mimicry, made mirth
For kings, who ruled o'er Medieval France.

I saw the wine flow red as sun at noon,
And heard the minstrel tune his roundelay
But when I sought to speak, then all too soon,
The scene and castle faded quite away.
And in their stead, I saw the fire-light ghosts
Upon the walls, unite in mystic dance,
While loud without, the voice of Winter's hosts,
Recalled me from the dream-land of romance.

MY FAVORITE BOOK.

BY ESTHER GALBRAITH (AGE 13).

My favorite book is a torn, old music book that has certainly "seen better days." Its cover is worn, its back is broken, and a good many pages are coming out, but it is undoubtedly my favorite.



"PETS." BY BAILEY HILL MOORE, AGE 14.

Why? Because it contains the pieces I know and love best. In the evenings after my lessons are done, I open it and play. "Traumerei," the "Spring Song," "Serenade," and others that seem like old friends. They are not difficult nor elaborate but so sweet and beautiful.

Dear old music book! For all the new books and fine stories ever written I would not exchange my True Favorite.

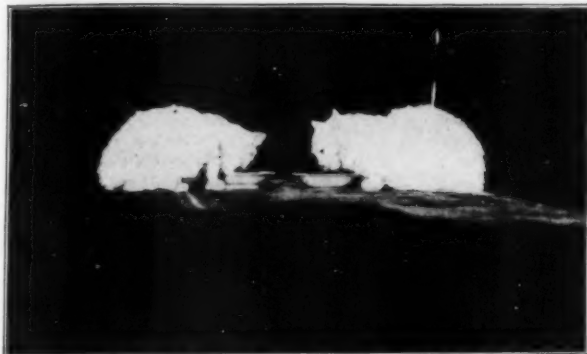
THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY JANE RHYS GRIFFITH (AGE 12).

"COME, come with me," said a fairy,
"And visit a far away land.
'Tis the beautiful Land of Romance,
Where the little elves play on the sand;
Where the birds are always singing,
And the bright sun ever shines,
And the air is sweetly scented,
With evergreen and pines.
Where the dwarfs are busily working,
And the fairies gaily dance,
Come, come, my dear, and you shall see,
The beautiful Land of Romance."



"A PET." BY JEANNETTE FLAGG, AGE 15.



"PETS." BY THEOBALD FORSTALL, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

OUR FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY MARGUERITE MC CORD (AGE 16).

WHEN my mother was a little girl she spent one Christmas vacation with her grandfather. Christmas morning her stocking hung over the fire-place filled with knobby little bundles, and best of all a small-blue book, "The Cat's Party and Wandering Bunny." The book was a source of great joy to her and years afterward to me.

"Mistress Grimalkin so sleek and so hearty,
Once gave to her kittens a nice little party."

Oh! the excitement and the joy that this story caused. How we envied the kittens their beautiful silk gowns and grand bonnets! But alas! how cruel that the cook should come in in the midst of the party and drive the kittens away. And that "Miss Fluffy," the belle, should get her tail pinched in the door, in the mad scramble for liberty. It was dreadful. And "Sir Thomas," her escort, had to jump through the window to get away and in doing so ruined his velvet suit. Oh! Oh! what a pity. But still "The Cat's Party" was a lovely story in spite of all the mishaps.

"Wandering Bunny" was a tragedy to us. Many, many tears were shed over it. Bunny got tired of staying at home and set out for London Town. It was a hard journey. Alas! Bunny never reached London Town. He was caught in a trap, and a horrid man took him and put him in a hutch. There was a picture of Bunny in the hutch, with the tears on his cheeks and a most mournful expression on his face. It was such a sad picture. And oh! dear; what would become of Bunny. One day Bunny broke loose and for a long time nothing was heard of him, but finally, and it was such a relief, we found Bunny "safe at home at last."

We loved this book. In our childish imagination it was real. The kittens were as real people to us and their joys and sorrows affected

us greatly. We saw Bunny, we felt as he felt, and with childish simplicity sorrowed with him.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY KATHERINE DAVIS (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

FAR away in the Western Sea,
The border of the azure sky,—
Surrounded by the rippling waves,
The Sunset Islands lie.

At eventide the setting sun
Upon each fairy mountain's crest
Places a crown of rose and gold
Before he sinks to rest.

The fairy streamlets rippling flow
Betwixt bright meadows strewn
with flow'rs,



"A PET." BY F. W. FOSTER, AGE 17.



"PETS." BY WILLIAM CARD MOORE, AGE 13.

While standing sentinel
beside,
The giant forest tow'rs.

Who is it dwells upon these
isles?

The beings who have
passed before

The eyes of man in prose
and song,

Live here forever more.

The Fancy Folk of mortal
man

Who've pictured been
before our eyes—

Truly a merry company—
Are gathered in the skies.

Sometimes in Fancy's va-
grant dreams,

I'm wafted by the sum-
mer breeze,

Unto that land of light and
song,

Beyond the azure seas.



"A HEADING." BY HAROLD A. BREYTSFRAAK, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.) OMITTED FROM FORMER ISSUE.

IN THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

SWEET were the dreams I dreamed there, long ago;
The portals of the world were opened wide;
I knew the things the fairies know,
The mystery of morn and eventide.

Now, when my eager feet have weary
grown,
O that the gates would open once again!
No bleak realities have shown
A path so sweet among the paths of
pain.

But none may enter who have lost their
trust
In the bright marvel of strange circum-
stance.

The years have strewn my heart with dust,
And banned youth's wondrous kingdom
of Romance.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY LUCILE G. PHILLIPS (AGE 10).

FROM the beginning of the story enti-
tled "In the Closed Room," by Frances
Hodgson Burnett, I felt a thrill of pleas-
ure and interest which I had never before
known.

The way in which Judith learned to
love a child whom she had seen but once,
and then only when Judith, lost in the park, saw the
other child passing in a carriage, seemed to impress me
especially.

The end was so beautiful, so real, it seemed as
though it would not have been right to close the story
in any other way. Many stories are not so.

I felt such pity for the spirit child's mother when
she came back to her home, and
I longed to comfort her as though
she were beside me. In fact,
in all the stories I read the char-
acters are all so real to me, I
seem to share their sorrow and
grief, pleasures and happiness,
with them.

Although I have read this
book several times, each

time I found something new and interesting revealing
itself.

My books are to me what some pets are to their
owners; and I always hate to ill-use a book, for it
seems to feel every touch, whether careless or gentle.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

Sing me a song of the frontier line
In the days that were wild and free,
When the trail first led thro the fir and
pine,
And came to the sunset sea.

Sing me a song of the days gone by,
When the wilderness fashioned
men,
And the freedom bred of the outlawry
That never will come again.

Sing me a song of the days of old,
Of the days when the West was won,
When the trail first led to the land of
gold
And followed the setting sun.

Sing me a song of the times now gone,
Of the West and the early days,
When the wilderness yielded before the
dawn
That ushered in newer ways.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

IN Greece, the fair and far away,
Where Mount Olympus stately rose—

The home that the Immortals
chose
Upon its cloud-wrapped summit
gray—
Orpheus upon his lyre would
play,
And sing of gods, strong-armed
and bold,
Of goddesses with hair of gold,
Of heroes known until this day.



"MARCH." BY MARIAN PHELPS
VAN BUREN, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY ALMA WARD, AGE 13.



"A HEADING." BY HELEN MERTZANOFF, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

He sang of how old Cheiron taught
The heroes of the Land of Greece;
Jason, who, for the Golden Fleece
Beyond the Euxine waters sought;
Asklepios, the child of thought,
Who, with strange herbs, cured dying
men,
And Heracles, who from its den
The mighty Cithaeron lion caught.

There Orpheus sang his roundelays,
Or solemn chants his grief to hide
While seeking for his vanished bride,
In passing o'er the stony ways.
Sad Orpheus no longer sings,
But found Eurydice, we trust,—
All those of whom he sang are dust,
And cycles distant are those days.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER
(AGE 17).

WHY do I love George Eliot's "Romola?" Why does it appeal to me more than many other books that I love deeply as friends? Because every time I re-read it, I love it better, and it grows more interesting. It excels in vivid descriptive powers; in fact, I have often heard it said that "Romola" would make a delightful and excellent guide book to Florence.

To me, one of the most striking parts of the book is the soul-stirring, ringing pathos of the preaching of Savonarola, sent, as it were, from God, to awaken the luxurious, wicked people of Florence. The wealth and beauty of their lives and surroundings proved their ruin. Savonarola strikes without pity at the hearts of these sinful people. Every one is touched by it, nay, impressed, and some follow him wishing to give up their past lives and lead new, noble ones such as Savonarola's. But could they do it? Could they stand the strain of a noble life? No; their prosperity had ruined them, and with the

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choice between good and evil, they wished for the good, and yet drifted into the evil. They could not stand the hard, religious life Savonarola lay before them, and finally they killed the one person who had tried to raise them from their lives of sin.

Tito possesses personal magnetism, yet behind it all he has a deep, subtle nature. He betrayed every trust, denied and left his father to calamity, deceived the innocent little Tessa and even his noble wife, Romola.

Romola's character is beautiful. Her steadfastness toward her dying father, her sweetness and tenderness, combined with a high and noble mind, make her indeed a heroine, and yet she is human and shows human instincts. Her thrilling speech when she discovers how Tito had deceived her father on his deathbed, even made the sinful Tito quake. Her fine character is shown at the last when she brings comfort to Tessa and her children, and leads a life full of self-sacrifice.

For these and many other reasons I love "Romola," and in conclusion let me say that if these few opinions of my favorite book are worthy to be published, may every one who has not read "Romola," read it, and love it, too.



"MARCH." BY DOROTHY HAMILTON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY POOR LOST HAT.

BY ALBERTA A. HEINMULLER (AGE 12).

I SAT on the sandy sea-shore
One pleasant summer day,
When a breeze came from the ocean,
And blew my hat away.

I asked the waves to bring it back,
And they all shook their heads;
I cried and cried and cried and
cried,
Until my eyes grew red.

My boat I took and sailed away,
And with me took my cat;
I sailed and sailed the whole long
day,
But never reached my hat.



"A STUDY." BY HENRIETTA HAVENS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY LUCIA E. HALSTEAD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

- No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitled them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Doris F. Halman
Helen P. Eatec
Elizabeth Page James
Lucie Clifton Jones
Carol S. Williams
Medora S. Ritchie
Mary Veua Westcott
Elizabeth A. Steer
Lucile Delight
Woodling
Dorothy Dunston
Constance Hyde
Smith
Jack B. Hopkins
Eleanor Johnson
Kenneth Orr Wilson
Elizabeth C. Beale

VERSE 2.

Henry Reiseman
Helen Peabody
Beatrice Treadway
Henrietta Slater
Conrad E. Snow
Grace H. Wolf
Dorothy Eddy
Rachel Estelle King
Louisa F. Spear
Marguerite Weed
Ethelwyn Harris
Laura Guy
Frances Lucille
Cregan
Carolyn Thompson
Gladys Nelson
L. Evelyn Slocum
Adolph Newmann
Elizabeth Toof
Leslie Lloyd Jones
Dorothy MacPherson
Jean Plant
Catharine H. Straker
Jean Russell
May Bowers
Dorothea Sothoron
Odenheimer
Marion S. Olney
Magdelene Craft
Adelaide Nichols
James Boyd Hunter
Charlotte Newcomb
B. Webber

Lois Cloher
Virginia Rees Scully
Francis M. Barranco
Agnes Mayo
Frances Michael

PROSE 1.

Florence M. Moote
Jasper N. Deeter
William R. Deeble
Edward G. Gay, Jr.
Gladys Anthony
White
Dorothy B. Sage
Elinor Clark
Margaret Sanderson
Budd
Dorothy Rhein
Helen Codling
Theresa Born
Dorothy Dwight
Isabel Creighton
Dorothy Buell
Helen English Scott
Marjorie Trotter
Isabel D. Weaver
Edna Anderson
Sarah Tobin
Emma Meyer
Ruth A. Spalding
Clara Bucher
Shanafelt
Elsie F. Weil
Helen Froeligh
Louise E. Grant
Carl H. Watson
Elizabeth Deebie
Helen Marie
Kounta
Geneva Anderson
Dorothy Grace
Gibson
Elizabeth Hiss
Elizabeth Pilbry
Dorothy C.
Seligman
Beatrice K.
Newcomer
Marjorie Miller
Ellen Low Mills
K. H. Seligman
Marcellite Watson
Rosalia Waters
Louise Smith

Herbert Smith
Mabelle Meyer
Inez Overell
Doris Long
Jean Louise
Holcombe
Madeleine Hanson
Hope Lyons
Dorothy Gardner
Dorothy Barclay
Margaret R. Veich
Ruth Dully Crandall
Louise Roberts
Alice Nayler
Gertrude T. Cruser
Gertrude J. Shannon
Ruby Manley
Ethel B. Youngs
Eleanor W. Lewis
Catharine Emma
Jackson
Marian M. Buckley
Nan Pierson
Marion Kimball
Katherine E. Spear
Beatrice Brown
Elizabeth C. Solis
Lorraine Ransom
Dorothy Quintard
Judith D. Barker
Isabel Robertson
Ward Reece Buhland
Eleanor Scott Smith
Ruth Boyden
Ida C. Kline
Juniata Fairfield

PROSE 2.

Elizabeth Black
Jean Gray Allen



"A STUDY." BY FLORINDA KIESTER, AGE 12.

Andrew D. Kevitt
Cecil Isabel Walsh
Herman Hitchcock
Susan Evans Hart
Ruth H. Sharwell
Ruth E. Jones
Dorothy Butes
Kathryn Sutherland
Julia Comstock
Marion Loftus
Mildred Wright
Helen Santmyer
Charlotte Hitchcock
Marion Hussey
Edna Wood
Emily Holmes
Robert W. Hobart
Creighton Boyd
Stanwood
Philippa Bruce
Josephine Schoff
George B. Parker
Ruth Pennington
Gretchen Pease
Alan Hendrie Beggs
Bruce Simonds
Olive Sheldon
Dorothy Dayton
Laura C. Simpson
Dorothy Mahar
James G. Brower
Margaret Barrette
Winifred Cook

DRAWING 1.

Hazel Halstead
Margaret Dobson
Julian Tilton
E. Buchanan
Marie Lorimer
Henry Scott
Agnes Nicholson
Muriel E. Halstead
Gladys Nolan
Carl Zimmermann
Hortense Brylawski
Laura Rood
Michael J. Kopsko
Raymond Rohn
Emily W. Browne
Rachel Bulley
Phyllis McVickar
Marie Bégouin
Lydia Caroline Gibson
Gwendolyn Meichell
Katharine L. Havens
Roland D. Crandall
Clara Wade
Albert Mitchell
Mary Argall Arthur
Emma Meyer
Martha Ellison
Marion D. Freeman
Winifred Hamilton
Jeanne Demètre
Gladys S. Bean
Eldon S. Lincoln
Ida F. Parfitt
Vivian Bowdoin
Beatrice Grant
Tennant
Priscilla Bohem
Lakin Baldrige
Rose T. Briggs
Doris Howland
Edward C. Thayer
Mary Arrella
Tyler
Sidney L.
Altschuler
Esther Foss
Charlotte Gilder
Helena O'Brien
Hutton Wendover
Marion Agnes
Burns
Harold F. Weston
Janet L. Shontz
Ethel West
David B.
McLaughlin
Margaret Newton
Dorothy Long
Mary B. Lamb

Allyn Cox
Esmer Christensen
Isabel P. Scherer
Helen May Baker
Alice Paine
Margaret Jewell
Bertha C. Larrabee
Marian Rubins
Monica Lawrence
Evelyn Emma
Hardwick
Charlotte Waugh
Hazel Cockcroft

DRAWING 2.

Rosamund Simpson
Elizabeth Schwarz
Carolyn W. Clarke
Max Rolnik
Ailaa Lesley
Abercrombie
Elmer Heffelfinger

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Alfred C. Redfield
Margaret Hyland
Charles Dodge Hoag
Dorothy Evans
Eugene White, Jr.
Margaret A. Dole
Franc P. Daniels
Carleton B. Swift
Fred S. Mulock
Celestine C. Waldron
Josephine Sturgis
Alice May Flagg
Robert E. Fishian
Marian Holloway
Henry S. Hall
E. D. Wall
John Edward Burke
Cornelia N. Walker
Rebecca Fordyce
Marjorie Walbridge
Brown
Frances Woodward
Margaret Hopson

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Edwin C. Brown
Barton H. Kelly
Harold P. Murphy
Marjorie Carpenter
Frances Blake
Jessie Atwood
Marion A. Wheaton
Conrad Nolan
Leila T. Haven
Sally G. Hawes
Elsie Wormser
Hilliard Comstock
Edward Sampson
Mildred H. Cook
Harry C. Lefebvre
Shepard Barnes
Benjamin Cohen
William Bruce Carson
Judith S. Finch
Jean Muriel Batchelor
Marcus Acheson
Spencer
Dorothea Havens
Florence Rosalind
Spring
Edmonia M. Adams
Mary Addison Webb
Susan Jeannette
Appleton
Ada Sharwell
William D. Stroud
Margaret Bullock
H. Ernest Bell
Katherine S. Cheppel
Allan L. Langley
Mary Thompson
Sarah P. Mendinall
Anna Sanford Ward
Doris Virginia Powers
Sam M. Dillard

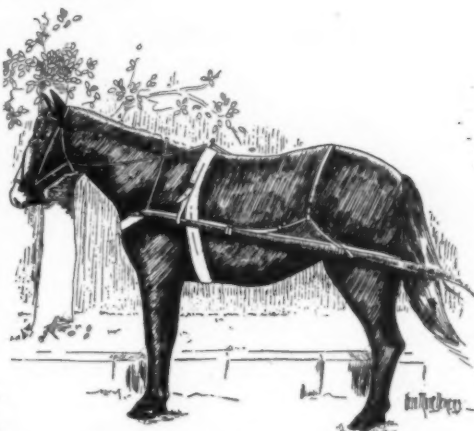
Miriam Shepherd
Jeannette Langhaar
Margaret Davis
Beatrice Verral
Mary Turnure
Anna E. Greenleaf
Josephine Duke
Anna W. Brewster
Christine Rowley
Baker
Arthur Minot Reed
Helen S. Worstell
Coleman Sellers, 3d.
Helen Seaman
Elise F. Stern
Margaret Frances
Andrews
Margaret Boland
Winifred Campbell
Katharine McKelvey
Charlotte Provocat
Esther N. Ayer
Margaret Russell
Carroll Pierce
A. C. Davidson
Kenneth T. Burr

Eugene M. Lamb
Lucia A. Warden
Margaret Colgate
Eleanor Gill
Clara Stoveken
Charles Horr
Marion K. Pell
Margaret Shuman
Dorothy Fox
Helen Holman
Sarah Swift Carter
Dorothy G. King
Josephine Hoey
Helen Batchelder
Alice Trimble
Harriet Mumford
H. Nelson Keene
Louise A. Bateman
Dugald C. Jackson
Lewina Ainsworth
Susan M. Slye
P. D. Pemberton
A. Dorothy Shipley

Arthur Albert
Myers
Elizabeth Palmer
Loper
Caroline C. Johnson
Pauline M. Dakin
Francis Wells
Miles Robinson
Dorothy P. Chester
Marion P. Hallock
Sydney Rutherford
Clara Carroll Earle
Benjamin Touster
Mildred D. Venawine

PUZZLES 2.

Mason Garfield
Mary E. Bohlen
Mary T. Starr
Clarina S. Hanks
Dorothy G.
Rutherford
David Lindberg
Carl Gutzeit



"A STUDY." BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ANOTHER GOOD-BY FROM AN OLD PRIZE WINNER.

WASHINGTON, GA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: In a few days I shall be eighteen and then, alas, I will be too old to contribute any more, so the picture I am sending this month will be my last to the League. It seems like a bombshell thrown at me, such good times I have had in the League. It is a great consolation to me to know that some day I may make use of my talent that has been so greatly benefited and brought out by the League. Thankful, indeed, I should say I am thankful, that the League was established, and I sincerely hope that it may live long and prosper together with that dear old magazine ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted friend,

CORDNER SMITH.

Other welcome letters have been received from Nancy Payson, Charles Horr, Lewis P. Craig, Ruth Phillips, John E. Burke, Jessie Metcalf, Nannie Bartlett, Lael Maera Carlock, Emmeline Bradshaw, Cyril Hawken, Elizabeth H. Barnes, Arthur S. Fairbanks, Prue K. Jamieson, Blau mont Shepherd, William Bohn, Laura E. Simpson, Hilda Moss, Doris F. Halman, Jos. L. Lustberg, Elizabeth King, Eleanor Stinchcomb, Dorothy Winsor, Theodore Gordon Ames, Henry S. Rogers, Grace Leslie Wilson, Gladys Bowen, Esther B. Schmitt, Eunice L. Hone.

A SPECIAL PRIZE OFFER AMUSEMENTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS

As a special competition, just this month, the regular League prizes will be awarded to members of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, for the best suggestions for

RAINY-DAY AMUSEMENTS IN THE NURSERY

as described in the Editorial Notes on page 286 of the January number and on page 477 of this number.

The ideas must not be taken from any book or periodical, and must be either original with the Competitor, or have been in repeated successful use in the competitor's family. If the contribution need illustrations, finished drawings are not necessary if carefully made sketches or outlines are furnished. It is important that the "ideas" may be carried out by the use of commonplace things to be found in every household. Suggestions from parents and older members of our readers' families will be gladly received; and, if found available and used, will be paid for.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 89.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 89, and the Special Prize Competition will close **March 20** (for foreign members, **March 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July**.



"TAILPIECE." BY ELEANOR D. BLODGETT, AGE 10.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Celebration."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Title to contain the word "Republic."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject: "Early Spring."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Landscape" (must be from nature), and a **July** Heading or Tailpiece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: **First Prize**, five dollars and League gold badge. **Second Prize**, three dollars and League gold badge. **Third Prize**, League gold badge. **Fourth Prize**, League silver badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added.

These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

Curious Facts About the Figure Nine

WRITE down in a row all the numerals except eight, thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9

Now choose any one of these numerals and multiply it by *nine*. Suppose we choose *two*, which multiplied by *nine* will of course give us *eighteen*.

Then multiply your row of figures by this,

$$\begin{array}{r} 12345679 \\ 18 \\ \hline 98765432 \\ 12345679 \\ \hline 22222222 \end{array}$$

The answer, you see, is all *twos*. If you had chosen *three* the answer then would have been all *threes*—and so on.

Another curious fact is that if you write down any number in three figures and then reverse those figures and subtract the lesser amount, you will find that the middle figure of the amount of the answer is *always* nine.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Try it thus, write } . . . 763 \\ \text{Now reverse that } . . . 367 \\ \hline 396 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Now reverse again, but this} \\ \text{time add the amount } . 693 \\ \hline 1089 \end{array}$$

Your answers will *always* be the same, 1089—except in one instance, if the first two figures you write are alike and the last figure next in regular order as 778; 887; 776; 998.

In that case you will get 99 for your answer, but by again adding this, and then adding this sum reversed you come back to your 1089.

Example:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Reversed } 776 \\ 677 \text{ Subtracted} \\ \hline 99 \\ 99 \text{ Added} \\ \hline 198 \\ \text{Reversed } 891 \text{ Added} \\ \hline 1089 \end{array}$$

E. T. Corbett.

Of the many curious results reached by the various combinations of the number 9, the following is not least remarkable.

Take any number you please (provided the number does not read the same backward as forward) and, having written it down, write it backward, that is, make the last figure of the first the first figure of the second, and so on, so that the first figure of the first shall be the last of the second; subtract the lesser from the greater, and multiply the remainder, or difference, by any number you please. From the product thus obtained rub out any one figure (provided the figure is not 9) and add together the remaining figures, as if they were all units. If the sum contains more than one figure, repeat the operation, that is, add together the figures of the sum as if they were all units, and continue to thus repeat until the sum is expressed by a single figure. The figure rubbed out will always be what it is required to make 9 when added to this final figure.

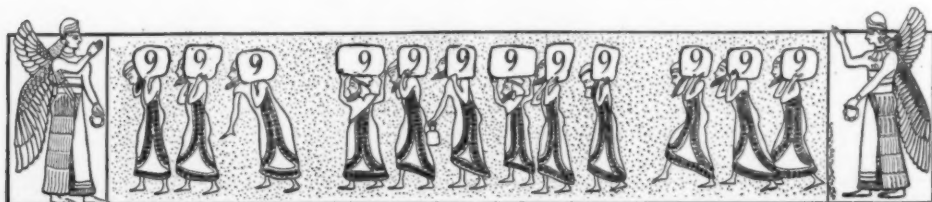
For instance suppose the sum of the figures of the product when added together, after rubbing out one figure, be 157; this, being expressed by more than one figure, is again added—1 and 5 and 7 make 13; this, again, being likewise more than one figure, is again added—1 and 3 make 4. Therefore the figure rubbed out was 5 that being the number required to make 9.

So, if the final figure be 6, the figure rubbed out was 3; if the final figure be 2, the figure rubbed out was 7; if the final figure be 9, the figure rubbed out was 0.

This result will never fail.

An amusing game can be built up on this. One of a party, without knowing what were the numbers used, or the figures rubbed out, by the others, can instantly declare the latter, in each case, upon being told what is the final figure of the calculation.

William B. Whiting.



To the Parents of St. Nicholas Readers

EDITORIAL NOTE

ON page 286 of the January number we called attention to a new series of articles intended for the parents and caretakers of the younger members of the families of our readers. Our reasons for publishing this set of papers entitled

"Hints and Helps for 'Mother,'— Rainy-Day Amusements in the Nursery,"

were set forth in that editorial note. We think that those whose attention the notice has escaped would be repaid by referring to it, as these articles are likely to prove very helpful in the nursery in keeping the little ones amused when the usual recreations fail. The third of the series, "SPOOL PLAY-THINGS" appears in this number.

We would also repeat that we should be very glad to receive from grown-up readers, or the older St. NICHOLAS boys and girls, any suggestions for amusements and toys which they have invented or have used and found useful.

The Letter-Box

TACOMA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tacoma is a beautiful city, with all its fine parks, schools, and buildings. I am going to tell you about Point Defiance Park. It has two brown bears, one Alaskan grizzly, two monkeys, two raccoons, one fox, one coyote, one herd of deer and elk, two peacocks, three eagles, four magpies, lots of pigeons and hawks, a lovely greenhouse, and a pavilion; also, a band-stand.

Tacoma has the longest wheat-warehouses in the world. If you were here I would take you down; but as you are not, I will have to tell you. If you started from the Eleventh Street bridge, you would see wheat, cotton, tea, matting, bamboo poles, liquors, car-rails, cigarettes, flour, and many other things. Boats are constantly going out or coming in.

The United States cable-ship *Burnside* has a crew of Filipinos. These Filipinos have a very funny way of playing foot-ball. They have a ball made of straw, which they kick up in the air, and when it comes down they kick it up with their heel.

Your affectionate member,
SAMUEL HASKELL.

WAYNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every summer we go to Lake Champlain. This year we had a very nice summer. We went in swimming almost every day. We had a rowboat that we went rowing in, and I forgot to tell you that we had a little camp right on the shore. I always woke very early and read, and the book I liked best was the "History of England." The story that I liked best was "The Battle of Hastings." William the Conqueror came over to conquer England. Harold, who was then king, did not want to give in, so he fought. William won, and Harold was killed. Good-by.

Your loving
ETHEL ANDREWS (age 8).

BLACKHEATH, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not written to you before but thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about our lovely trip to England. My real home is in America, in California, but we have been over in England for nearly six months. We are going home again in November.

We have been to three seaside places, which I enjoyed very much, Eastbourne, in Sussex, Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, and Lowestoft, in Suffolk; the latter is a large fishing place and it is most interesting watching the fishing smacks with their reddish-brown sails going in and out of the harbor. I enjoyed the bathing very much there. We are in Devonshire for a week. We went to Lynton first; from there we drove by coach to Ilfracombe, and from there to Bideford, so we would be able to take a day's coaching trip to Clovelly. In Clovelly they don't have any carriages, because it is built on a hill, and only has, practically, one street, which is very steep and very crooked and is made like steps. It is a little fishing place and very picturesque.

We went to Hampton Court a few days ago and saw all the old rooms with the beautiful paintings and the beautiful old tapestry that is made of gold and silver thread and took so long to make.

I was very interested in a letter in the October St. NICHOLAS, where a girl wrote about Hampton Court. We heard a different story about it from the one she told. We heard that Cardinal Wolsey owned the palace and wanted to get into the good graces of Henry VIII, so he gave it to him as a present, but his majesty evidently did not appreciate it as he turned Wolsey out of the Court three years after. She said that King Henry was jealous and made Wolsey give it to him. I do not know which is correct.

It is supposed to be the most magnificent gift a subject ever gave a sovereign.

The Letter-Box

We have been to Madame Tussaud's and saw the wonderful wax figures. They are very lifelike.

"Big Ben," the great clock in London, is sixty feet in circumference, each minute marked on it being a foot apart. It chimes every quarter of an hour.

We have been to Westminster Abbey, which is a very wonderful old place.

We have also been to Blundeston and saw the house called the "Rookery," where Charles Dickens wrote "David Copperfield."

I have taken you for four years and have enjoyed your stories from the first. I am very much interested in "The Crimson Sweater." I hope there will be another continued story as interesting as "From Sioux to Susan."

I hope this letter will not be too long as I thought it might prove interesting to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

I remain your interested reader,
DOROTHY ELEANOR WESTRUP (age 13).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing the article in ST. NICHOLAS, by Mr. Gleeson, about the Harpy Eagle, I wish to add a bit of information which the modest author omitted—namely, that his painting of the "Harpy Eagle," which I have seen, is beautifully like the real eagle, and has exquisite coloration. It hangs at present in the Keeper's Room, Zoological Gardens, and is not in a public position.

I have taken your magazine for years, and I intend to have my children take it. I liked "A Comedy in Wax" very much, but I think that "Elinor Arden, Royalist," is my favorite serial story. I remain,

Your sincere friend,
MARY T. ATWATER (age 12).

FERNANDINA, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not seen many letters from Florida in the Letter-Box, so I thought you might like to get one from me.

I inclose a picture of the Seminole Indians living in the Everglades of Florida, which I took while on a visit to Cutler, Florida, a town fifteen miles south of Miami. They are the descendants of the Seminoles who massacred my great-grandfather, Dr. Henry Perrine, at Indian Key, in 1841.

These Indians come up from the Everglades about once a week to Cutler to get supplies, and they are always delighted to have their pictures taken.

I enjoy you tremendously, especially the Books and Reading department, the short stories, and the little verses.

I would like to form a chapter here, but none of the other children take ST. NICHOLAS.

We have a horse, a cow, three cats, and a kitten.

Hoping you will live forever and ever, I am,

Your interested reader,
JESSIE PRINGLE PALMER (age 14).

SOUTHWOOD, SILVERDALE,
EAST LIBERTY, WELLS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was most interested last year in seeing in the magazine a story about our old clock in Wells Cathedral. I have lived under the shadow of it for the last four years, because my father is the chan-celor.

Your fond reader,
AGNES M. HOLMES.

NEGAUNEE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the northern part of Michigan. We have very cold winters here, and a great deal of snow. Last winter I measured the snow in my yard after a three days' thaw, and it measured between three and four feet deep.

I have a black cat that I think a great deal of. Her name is "Sunshine." When she is frisky she will jump about a foot and a half in the air to catch a paper on a string. When she wants to get on my shoulder she will run up my back.

I do not take ST. NICHOLAS, but my brother does. I was very much interested in "Elinor Arden," and I wished the story had not been so short.

Your interested reader,
MILDRED A. YATES (age 13).

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This year we had some theatricals at our house. We had two scenes from "Hiawatha"—the departure and Hiawatha's wooing, and I was Minnehaha. There was also a dialogue from Austin Dobson, and a play called "Alice Through the Wonder-Glass," a mixture of both books. It was a benefit. I am always wanting to have you arrive, because I love to read your stories and funny verses. I am reading "Kibun Daizin," and I think it is very interesting.

Your faithful reader,
CORNELIA CHAPIN (age 11).

TOURS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American, but I am over here learning to speak French. I like it very much, but I like America much better. We have two little birds. One of them is a baby sparrow that we picked up in the street. It is very tame, and will get on my hand of its own accord. It eats egg in water—a very strange diet, is n't it? The other one is not a baby, but we call him one. He is a canary, and his name is Uncle Sam. At home in Cazenovia (where we live in America) we have a bull terrier, Bimbo is his name. He can do a great many tricks. And at breakfast each morning he had a chair of his own. Well, I must close now, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

From your admiring friend,
JANE A. GOULD (age 12).

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long wanted to suggest to you that a good work might be done in the ST. NICHOLAS by influencing little girls to help to protect the birds by not wearing feathers in their hats.

I have a little niece who feels very much interested in the subject, and she often speaks to her friends about the cruelty of killing so many birds. Strange to say, few of them ever have thought anything about it.

Now when so much is being said and done to teach children to love animals and to protect them, this subject of the wholesale slaughter of birds ought to be impressed upon the little girls. It seems perfectly hopeless to make any reform with women, who will not stop to think what a hat is made of if it is only becoming.

The ST. NICHOLAS is doing so much for our children all over the world. Sincerely yours,
(Miss) ANNIE R. PRICE.

INTERESTING letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have also been received from Margaret Murrish, Helen De Puy, Evelyn Dunham, Marguerite Magruder, Keith Robinson, Katharine W. McCollin, Annette Kennedy, Eleanor Hale Jones, Ronald R. Roggy, R. C. Walker, Maurice H. Johnson, Bertha Stratton, Dorothea Obertieffer, Katharine A. Wetherill.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Lecture. 2. Dictate. 3. Language. 4. Drachma. 5. Nations. 6. Soberly. 7. Fifteen.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Organ. 2. Rouge. 3. Gules. 4. Agent. 5. Nests. II. 1. Olive. 2. Linen. 3. Inert. 4. Verve. 5. Enter.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials. William Howard Taft; fourth row, Theodore Roosevelt. Cross-words: 1. Worthy. 2. Inches. 3. Legend. 4. Lemons. 5. Iridal. 6. Absorb. 7. Marred. 8. Heresy. 9. Oberon. 10. Widowa. 11. Arbors. 12. Reason. 13. Direct. 14. Travel. 15. Appeal. 16. Fellow. 17. Tinted.

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS. I. 1. M. 2. Pit. 3. Minor. 4. Ton. 5. R. II. 1. M. 2. Vat. 3. Manor. 4. Top. 5. R. III. 1. R. 2. Nip. 3. River. 4. Pen. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Pap. 3. Razor. 4. Pod. 5. R.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Candlemas. 1. Chain. 2. Cameo. 3. Hands. 4. Candy. 5. Camel. 6. Poker. 7. Lemon. 8. Lambs. 9. Sword.

CHARADE. Pot-ate-o, potato.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Hans Brinker. Cross-words: 1. Abhor. 2. Abate. 3. Dingy. 4. Beset. 5. Habit. 6. Agree. 7. Agile. 8. Annex. 9. Maker. 10. Alert. 11. Array.

COMBINATION ACROSTIC. From 1 to 9, Massage; 2 to 10, Carpets; 3 to 11, Throats; 4 to 12, Cantons; from 5 to 8, Tops, Pots, Post, Stop.

BEHEADINGS. David Garrick. 1. A-dam. 2. D-are. 3. A-verse. 4. H-ill. 5. Eden. 6. A-gain. 7. Haunt. 8. Trim. 9. G-rip. 10. M-ire. 11. S-care. 12. S-kill.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Nothing preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing."

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. C. 2. Nab. 3. Canal. 4. Bah. 5. L. II. 1. E. 2. Ant. 3. Enter. 4. Tea. 5. R. III. 1. Habit. 2. Abada. 3. Bahar. 4. Idaho. 5. Tarot. IV. 1. E. 2. Eat. 3. Eager. 4. Ten. 5. R. V. 1. A. 2. Toe. 3. Aorta. 4. Etc. 5. A.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 E. 17th St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Elsie Lacie, and Gillie—Eugenie Steiner—James A. Lynd—Jo and I—Carroll B. Clark—"Queenscourt"—Kathryn I. Wellman—Nan and Caryl—Florence H. Doan—Mary W. Ball—Louis Chick—Prue K. Jamieson—Florence Alvarez—Paul Johnson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from L. Kellogg, 1—M. M. Howe, 1—Carl Gutzzeit, 3—M. McKinney, 1—R. W. Bowen, 1—E. L. Pollard, 1—M. Wyman, 1—H. Orbach, 1—B. Orbach, 1—Edith Bolter, 3—C. S. Clements, 1—M. Green, 1—L. Murphy, 1—D. Myrick, 1—R. and E. Farwell, 1—K. L. Wyllie, 1—F. P. Wyllie, 1—A. Alexander, 1—N. Geddes, 1—D. Davis, 1—Ormond Clark, 3—G. Brown, 1—Dorothy Cohn, 5—Stella Piatkowska, 5—L. Murphy, 1—M. Magruder, 1—H. A. Ross, 1—S. O. Shoter, 1—S. McCormick, 1—W. R. Craycroft, 1—F. M. Sleeper, 1—H. O. Miller, 1—Harold Ruggles, 6—Hazel Wyeth, 2—Everest D. Haight, 2—R. B. Carney, 1—Edna Meyle, 6—R. B. Carney, 1—M. L. Kendall, 1—S. Platt, 1—R. Sichel, 1—Miriam Keeler, 5—W. A. Coulter, 1—M. Cipperly, 1—A. M. Sutes, 1—L. D. Taussig, 1—M. Frey, 1—"Jolly Juniors," 8—D. Bruce, 1—F. R. Vaeger, 1—F. McAlpin, 1—Donald Hall, 8—Mary S. Home, 2—"St. Gabriel's Chapter," 7—M. Hyland, 1—F. Le Lacheur, 1—Margaret W. King, 8—Genevieve Alvord, 4—J. Delancy, 1—Howard J. Hill, 9—S. Baldwin, 3rd, 1—M. Hunt, 9—R. L. Willard, 1—E. Russell, 7.

A PUZZLE IN NUMBERS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

TAKE one hundred; add a cipher; add fifty; and add five hundred. The result will be a prevalent disorder.

MARGARETTA V. WHITNEY.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and curtail a making again and leave 1. Genuine. 2. Of recent origin. 3. (The last word reversed.) A kind of tumor.

ANSWER: Re-new-al. 1. Real. 2. New. 3. Wen. (The first might also have been "Lear," as the four letters need not be taken consecutively.)

1. Doubly behead and curtail a falling back and leave 1. A prophet. 2. To lick up. 3. A companion (slang).

2. Doubly behead and curtail in that respect and leave 1. To attenuate. 2. Before. 3. Earlier than.

3. Doubly behead and curtail whereupon and leave 1. An exclamation. 2. Sooner than. 3. Previously to.

4. Doubly behead and curtail employs and leave 1. Perceived. 2. Something commonly used by robbers to induce silence. 3. To use the same.

5. Doubly behead and curtail an earthen rampart and leave 1. What telegraph messages are sometimes written on. 2. To knock. 3. State of equality.

6. Doubly behead and curtail auditors and leave 1. A possessive pronoun. 2. Part of the verb to be. 3. An epoch.

7. Doubly behead and curtail a division of the Roman army and leave 1. Crippled. 2. Pinch. 3. To fasten together.

8. Doubly behead and curtail authorized writings securing privileges to some person or persons and leave 1. Gone by. 2. A number. 3. A snare.

When these have been correctly guessed and placed in the above order, the third letters of the first eight original words will spell the surnames of two great generals. The first letters of the eight three-letter words, before and after reversal, spell the same two surnames.

R. UTLEY.

LETTER PUZZLE.

18	2	20	4	*	1
34	10	6	29	16	23
7	35	*	24	5	27
*	13	31	21	30	15
36	9	32	22	12	*
14	11	3	25	33	8
17	26	28	19	*	*

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A continent. 2. Pertaining to Ionia. 3. To lessen the force or acuteness of. 4. To regard with wonder or astonishment. 5. A broad piece of defensive armor carried on the arm. 6. Explodes. 7. A groove.

When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 36 will spell a quotation from Shakespeare.

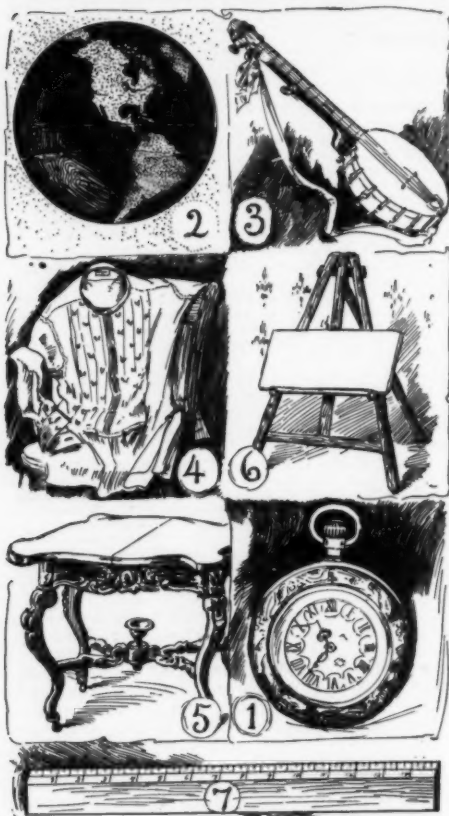
WILLIAM ELLIS KEYSOR (Honor Member).

The Riddle-Box

WORD-SQUARE.

1. ONE who makes bread. 2. A feminine name. 3. Murders. 4. Striking effect. 5. Reposes.
PHILIP STONE (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the seven objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a famous American. Designed by

LAURENCE RUST HILLS (League Member).

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the names have been rightly guessed and placed in the order given, the primals will spell the title of a book by Goldsmith. All the names have the same number of letters.

1. A feminine character in "The Idylls of the King." 2. A feminine character in "Cymbeline." 3. A character in "The Old Curiosity Shop." 4. A king that Tennyson writes about. 5. A feminine character in "Ivanhoe." 6. A feminine character in one of Goldsmith's books. 7. A character in "Notre Dame de Paris." 8. A masculine character in "Pickwick

- Papers." 9. A feminine character in "As You Like It." 10. A masculine character in "Martin Chuzzlewit." 11. A feminine character in "The Idylls of the King." 12. A superannuated nobleman in "Domby and Son." 13. The son of Daedalus, drowned in the Icarian Sea. 14. Part of the title of a book by Thackeray. 15. A walking character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 16. A lawyer in "Pickwick Papers."

HONOR GALLSWORTHY.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in light, but not in sun;
My second, in cracker, but not in fun;
My third is in water, but not in milk;
My fourth is in cotton, but not in silk;
My fifth is in star, but not in moon;
My sixth is in tiger, but not in coon;
My seventh, in branch, but not in tree;
My eighth is in gnat, but not in flea;
My ninth is in David, but not in Saul;
My tenth is in several, not in all.
My whole is a game very often played
Without the aid of club or spade.

MARY L. RUHL (League Member.)

ANAGRAM ACROSTIC.

(Cash Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters.

EXAMPLE: Transpose a sliding box in a case, to compensate, a guard, and make contended. Answer, drawer, reward, warder, warred.

1. Transpose to mourn, and make a shelf over a fireplace, a loose garment, and pertaining to the mind. 2. Transpose to ramble, and make a keeper, cautioned, and a masculine name. 3. Transpose more precious, and make a book for learners, to peruse again, and rose on the hind legs. 4. Transpose rules as a king, and make to give up, one who ratifies, and one who utters musical sounds.

When the final word of each set of anagrams has been correctly guessed, and all four words have been written in a column, the initials will spell the name of a god to whom the month of March is sacred.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

A NOVEL SQUARE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

5	1	7
.	.	.
.	.	.
3	9	4
.	.	.
.	.	.
8	2	6

FROM 3 to 4, a famous humorist; from 1 to 2, belonging to a Quaker poet; from 9 to 7, a means of conveyance; from 9 to 4, twice; from 9 to 6, a sign; from 9 to 2, rows; from 9 to 8, to overtop other objects; from 9 to 5, a ferocious animal.

Rim (six letters each). From 1 to 7, to bleach; from 7 to 4, something used at the dinner table; from 4 to 6, a race; from 6 to 2, sounds; from 2 to 8, a cement for metal; from 8 to 3, without aim; from 3 to 5, a looking-glass; from 5 to 1, to go over again.

ELEANOR V. COVERLY.

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Drawn for ST. NICHOLAS by Frank Stick.

A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

(See page 325)